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Dante  
By  
Benjamin Louis Paul Godard

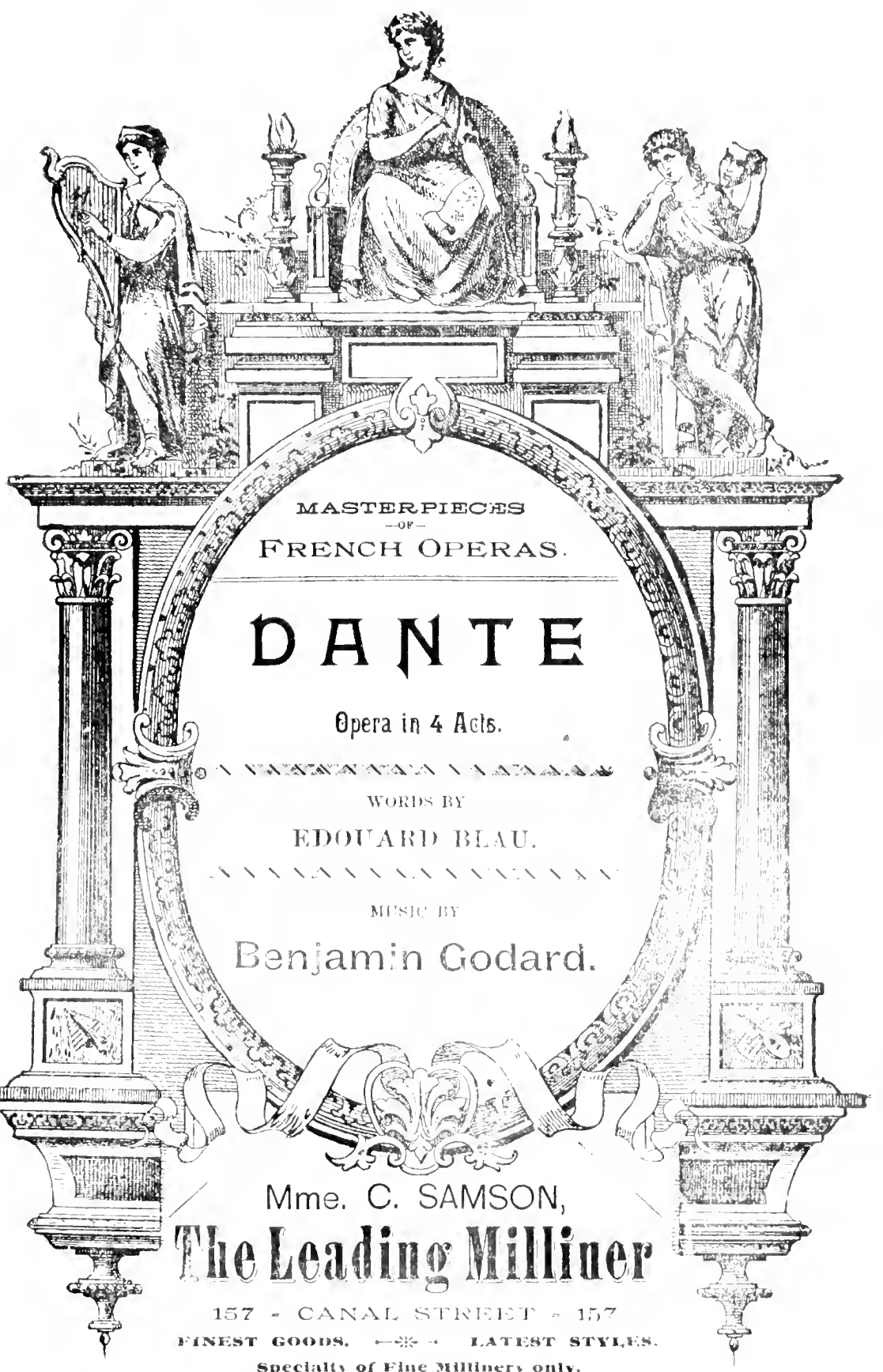
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MASTERPIECES  
—OF—  
FRENCH OPERAS.

# DANTE

Opera in 4 Acts.

WORDS BY  
EDOUARD BLAU.

MUSIC BY  
Benjamin Godard.

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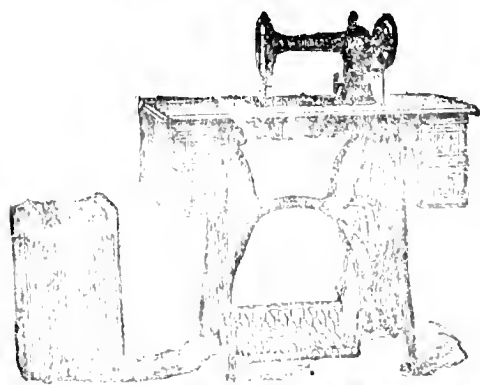
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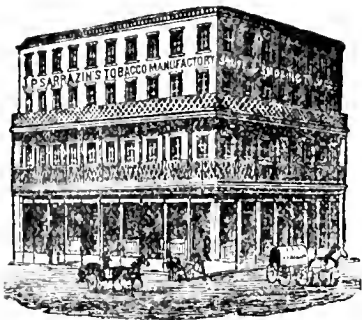
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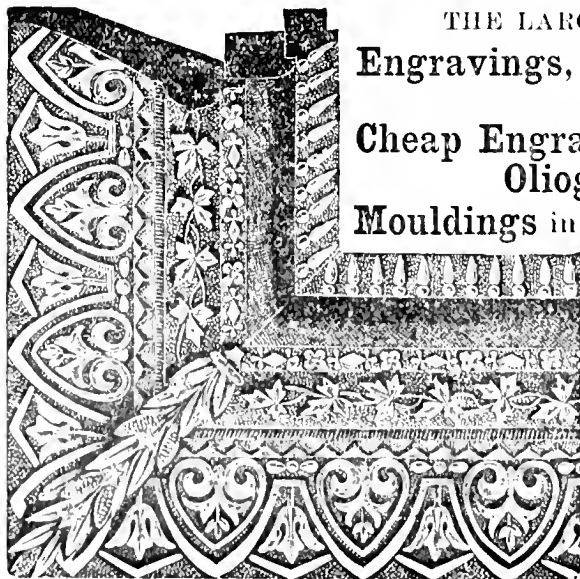
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Béatrice Portarini, fiancée à Bardi.  
Gemma, confidente de Béatrice.  
Simeone Bardi, gentilhomme Florentin.  
Vieri, gentilhomme Florentin.  
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Gemma, confidant of Beatrice.  
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Vieri, Florentine nobleman.  
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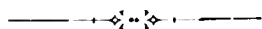
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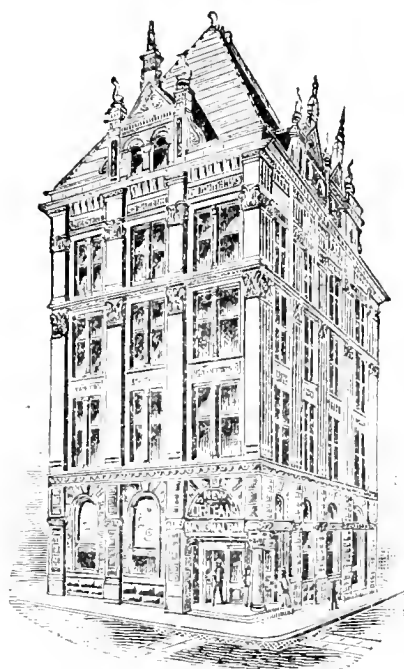
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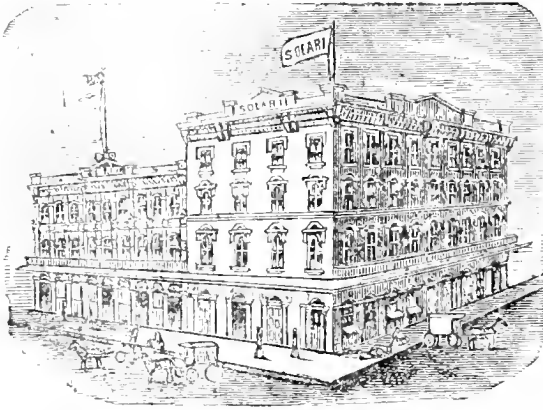
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## DANTE.

The Scene of this Opera is laid in Florence about the year 1300.  
Two factions divide the City of Florence and fight for its Government, the Guelphs and the Ghibelins.

### ACT I.

Opens on a public place in Florence. In the distance the Government's palace. On the right the entrance to a church. Groups of Guelphs and Ghibelins led, the former by Corso, the latter by Vieri threaten and defy one another. They are surrounded by men and women of the people. The day is that of the election of the Chief Magistrate of the City, and both parties are confident of their success. Enters Dante who reproaches them with their incessant quarrels and begs them, instead, unite their efforts against the enemies of their country. Guelphs and Ghibelins laugh at him, but the people listen and advises Dante to present himself as a candidate at the election. They all enter the palace except Dante. Dante then meets Simeone Bardi, an old friend of his, who reproaches him for his long absence and informs him that he is betrothed to a lovely maiden, whose charms he exalts so much that Dante's curiosity is awakened, he asks Bardi who she is and learns that she is Beatrice Portinari, whom her father has promised him for a signalled service rendered, whom he loves and by whom he knew he was loved before he left Florence. Dante gives way to despair and leaves the scene. Enters Beatrice and Gemma her friend. Beatrice confesses to Gemma that she has always loved Dante and would rather die than be married to Bardi. She has scarcely uttered these words, when the people return from the palace and shout the name of Dante who has been elected Prior of the City. Dante appears brought back by Bardi and is seen by Beatrice. The poet refuses the honor proffered but Beatrice appeals to him and tells him that it is his duty to devote himself to his country and that he will find his reward in love. Dante understands that Beatrice loves him yet, he accepts the dignity of Grand Prior, and after exhorting the Florentines to cease their quarrels and unite against their enemies, and he is vested with the rich mantle of the Prior of Florence.

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# DANTE.

## ACTE I.

### SCENE I.

Le théâtre représente la place publique à Florence. Au fond le palais du gouvernement. A droite l'entrée d'une chapelle. Au lever du rideau, deux groupes de Guelphes et de Gibelins conduits, l'un par Corso et l'autre par Vieri se défilent et se menacent. Derrière eux et de chaque côté groupes de gens du peuple.

CHOEUR DES GIBELINS et CHOEUR DES GUELPHES,  
*alternativement*

Malheur à vous dont l'audace  
 Nous insulte et nous menace  
 Ah! votre pouvoir s'efface  
 C'est votre dernier effort!  
 A nous fortune et puissance,  
 A vous l'exil et la mort.  
 Quand la ville de Florence  
 Aura dicté sa sentence  
 A vous l'exil, à vous la mort  
 Malheur à vous! à vous la mort.

LES CHIEFS GIBELINS.  
 Aux amis de César la victoire est promise,  
 O Guelphes nous avons avec nous l'Empereur.

LES CHIEFS GUELPHES.  
 Le Ciel est favorable aux amis de l'Eglise.  
 Gibelins, le Saint-Siège est notre protecteur.

LES CHIEFS GIBELINS.  
 Quand Florence aujourd'hui va nommer le Prieur,  
 Le Gonfalonier de justice  
 Pensez-vous qu'elle choisisse  
 Ailleurs que dans notre parti?

LES CHIEFS GUELPHES.  
 Le Prieur sortira des rangs des Donati.

ENSEMBLE.  
 Malheur à vous dont, etc.

SCENE II.  
*Rest et Cantilène.*

DANTE, LES PRECEDENTS.  
 DANTE.

Guelphes ou Gibelins, qu'importe la bannière,  
 Blancs ou noirs, fils migrants, vous frappez votre  
 La Patrie est en deuil lorsque vous combattez.

CHOEUR GENERAL.  
 C'est Dante Alighieri, c'est le maître, écoutez!  
 DANTE.

Mes frères, mes amis, qu'elle est votre démenée?  
 Le ciel est si bleu sur Florence  
 Son azur a tant de douceurs  
 Qu'un chant d'amour et d'espérance  
 Devrait monter de tous les cœurs.  
 Mais la brise frémissante

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

The theatre represents the Public Square at Florence. In the rear the Government palace. When the curtain rises, two groups of Guelphs and Ghibellines, led one by Corso and the other by Vieri dare and threaten each other. Behind them and on each side groups of the people.

CHOIRS of GIBELLINES and Chorus of GUELPHS  
*alternately*

Death to you whom daring  
 Insults and menaces us  
 Ah! your power vanishes  
 This is your last effort!  
 Fortune and power are ours  
 For you exile and death.  
 When the City of Florence  
 Shall have dictated the sentence  
 For you exile and death.  
 Death to you, death to you.

THE GIBELLIN CHIEFS.  
 To the friends of Corso victory is promised,  
 Oh, Guelphs, we have with us the Emperor.

THE GUELPH CHIEFS.  
 Heaven is propitious to the friends of the Church  
 Ghibellines! The Holy See is our protector.

THE GIBELLINE CHIEFS.  
 When Florence, to-day, names the prior,  
 The Gonfalonier of justice,  
 Do you think she will choose  
 Outside of our party?

THE GUELPH CHIEFS.  
 The prior comes from the ranks of the Ponati  
 TOGETHER.

Death to you whom, etc.

SCENE II.  
*Rest et Cantilène.*

DANTE, the same.  
 DANTE:

Guelphs or Ghibellines what matter the banner,  
 White or black, migrate sons, you strike your  
 The country is in danger when you combat.

GENERAL CHORUS.  
 It is Dante Alighieri, it is the master here.  
 DANTE.

My brothers, my friends are you demented  
 Heaven is so blue over Florence  
 Its azure is so sweet  
 That a song of love and hope  
 Should arise from all hearts  
 But the trembling breeze



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DANTE.

N'emporte aux cieux firmaments  
que la rumeur grandissante  
D'éternels ressentiments.....

*Les Chefs Guelphs et Gibelins accueillent ces paroles avec des gestes de dédain et de colère, mais ceux qui les entourent baissent la tête; quelques-uns remettent leur épée au fourreau. Le peuple a entendu les paroles de Dante avec émotion.*

CHOEUR DU PEUPLE.

Il a raison. Pourquoi donc tant de haine?  
Nous pourrions être heureux en nous tendant la  
LES CHEFS GIBELINS. [main  
La politique est notre affaire,  
Poète passe ton chemin.

LES CHEFS GUELPHS.

Ecoute un avis tout contraire!  
Du Prieur on va faire choix,  
Mets-toi donc sur les rangs  
Je te promets ma voix.

CHOEUR GENERAL.

Les colleges du Peuple au Palais se rassemblent.

CHEFS GUELPHS.

Voyez comme ils ont peur,  
Vainqueurs ce soir, maîtres demain.

CHEFS GIBELINS.

Regardez comme ils tremblent,  
Vainqueurs ce soir, maîtres demain.

CHOEUR GENERAL.

Pourquoi donc tant de haine,  
Nous pourrions être heureux, etc....  
*Tous entrent au Palais excepté Dante.*

SCENE III.

DUO.

DANTE, BARDI.

DANTE.

Ah! puisse la voix populaire  
Choisir pour l'œuvre tutélaire  
Un homme qui la comprendra!

*(Réant) Le fardeau sera lourd à qui l'acceptera. Simone Bardi paraît. Il fait quelques pas dans la direction du Palais, mais il voit Dante, s'approche et le reconnaît.*

BARDI.

Vous! cher Dante, c'est vous.

DANTE.

Simone.

BARDI.

Florence retrouve enfin  
Après si longue absence,  
Son fils très oublieux.....  
Pourtant très regretté.

DANTE.

A Bologne... à Padoue....  
Et dans toute cite

Pont j'allais consultant l'histoire et le génie,  
Jamais de la terre loque.

Le souvenir ne m'a quitté.

BARDI, *avec émotion.*

J'aurai donc pour témoin de ma félicité  
L'ami de ma jeunesse.

*Dante l'interroge du geste et du regard.*

On me donne pour femme

Carried to the clear firmament  
But the swelling rumor  
Of eternal resentments.

*The Guelphs and Ghibelline chiefs receive these words with signs of disdain, but those surrounding them bow their head; some sheathe their words. The people have heard the words of Dante with emotion.*

CHORUS of the PEOPLE.

He is right. Why then so much hate?  
We might be happy did we join hands  
THE GIBELLINE CHIEFS  
Politics are our affair.  
Poet, go your way.

THE GUELPH CHIEFS.

Hear a quite contrary advice  
A prior is to be chosen,  
Enter then the lists,  
I promise thee my vote.

GENERAL CHORUS.

The colleges of the people are assembling at the  
GUELPH CHIEFS. [palace.  
See how they are afraid,  
Victor this evening, masters to-morrow.

GHIBELLINE CHIEFS.

Look how they tremble,  
Victors this evening, masters to-morrow.

GENERAL CHORUS.

Why then so much, etc.  
*All enter the palace except Dante.*

SCENE III.

DUO.

DANTE—BARDI.

DANTE.

Ah! may the popular voice  
Choose for the protecting work  
A man who will understand it!

*(Dreaming) The task will be heavy, for whoever [may accept it. Simone Bardi appears. He advances towards the palace, but sees Dante, approaches and recognizes him*

BARDI.

You! Dear Dante, it is you!

DANTE.

Simone!

BARDI.

Florence at last finds again,  
After so long an absence,  
Her very forgetful son,  
Who is nevertheless much regretted

DANTE.

At Bologna at Padua.  
And in all cities

of which I consulted the history and the genius.  
The sacred remembrance of my country has not [left me.

PARDI—*With expression.*

I shall then have as a witness of my felicity  
The friend of my youth.

*(Dante looks askance at him.)*

I am soon to wed



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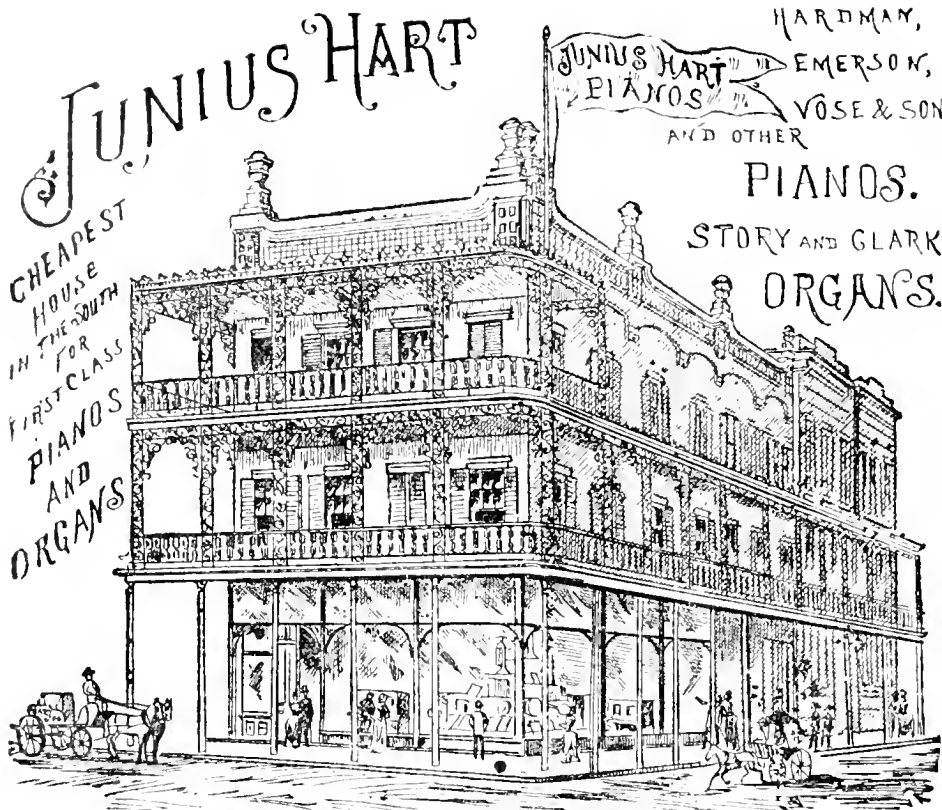
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New Orleans, La.

DANTE.

5

Celle que dès longtemps,  
Et de toute mon âme  
J'adorais en secret!

DANTE, *en souriant*.  
Et la femme, il paraît,  
En tous points est parfaite!

BARDI.  
Pour bien la dépeindre, ô poète,  
C'est ton langage qu'il faudrait.  
On ne saurait quelles choses  
Lui comparer ici-bas;  
Si Dieu n'avait fait les roses,  
Si le lys n'existait pas!  
Tant d'innocence et de grâce  
Illumine ses quinze ans  
Qu'on sourit quand elle passe  
Comme on sourit aux enfants.  
Et cependant auprès d'elle  
On vient parfois à trembler  
De la voir ouvrant son aile  
Comme un ange s'envoler!

DANTE.  
Dis-moi son nom!

BARDI.  
Jadis vous deviez la connaître;  
C'est la fille de maître Portinari.

DANTE, *à part avec douleur*.  
Qu'ai-je entendu, Seigneur!  
Beatrice. (*à Simone*.) Ah! ce cœur  
Comment l'as-tu gagné?

BARDI.  
Par la reconnaissance:  
A ce puissant parti qui règne sur Florence  
Son père avait fait une offense,  
Mais j'ai pu l'arracher aux mains des Donati.

DANTE, *avec amertume*.  
L'enfant est le prix du service,  
(*à part*.) O Béatrice,

Pourquoi suis-je parti?

BARDI, *s'adressant à Dante en souriant*.  
Mais en étant amant fidèle  
On peut rester bon citoyen.  
Pardonnez-moi, je vais où le devoir m'appelle.  
*Il rentre au Palais. Dante reste attristé sur le devant de la Scène*

DANTE, *avec désespoir*.  
Ah! de tous mes espoirs il ne me reste plus rien!  
En vain l'avenir rayonne,  
Qu'importe un nom glorieux!  
De quoi serai-je envieux  
Quand mon amour m'abandonne!

(*avec accablement*.) Tout est fini  
Pour moi sur la terre!  
Comme un banni  
Je fuirai solitaire.  
Par les chemins où je marchais vainqueur  
Plus de bonheur,  
D'ivresse promise:  
Mon triste cœur  
A jamais se brise!  
Rêve menteur.  
O tendresse éphémère,  
Envoles-toi d'un éternel essor!

The one whom long  
And with all my soul  
I adored in secret!

DANTE—*Smiling*.  
And the woman, it seems,  
Is perfect in all points!

BARDI  
To well depict her, oh, poet,  
I should borrow your language  
I would not know what things  
Here below to compare her to,  
If God had not made the roses,  
If the lily did not exist!  
So much innocence and grace  
Illuminates her fifteen years.  
All smile when she passes  
As one smiles to children,  
And whoever approaches her  
Sometimes tremble  
To see her open her wings  
To fly away like an angel!

DANTE.  
Tell me her name!  
BARDI.  
Formerly you must have known her!  
She is the daughter of master Portinari.

DANTE—*Aside, with sorrow*.  
What did I hear, Oh Lord.  
Beatrice! . . . (*To Simone*.) Ah! this heart,  
How didst thou win it?

BARDI.  
Through gratitude:  
To that powerful party, which reign over Florence  
Her father had done some offense,  
But I saved him from the hands of the Donati.

DANTE—*With bitterness*.  
The child is the price of the service.  
(*aside*.) Oh Beatrice!  
Why did I depart?

BARDI—*Addressing Dante smiling*.  
But while being a faithful lover  
One may remain a good citizen  
Pardon me. I go where duty calls me.  
*He enters the palace. Dante remains sadly in front of the scene.*

DANTE—*In despair*.  
Ah! of all my hopes nothing remains.  
In vain the future sparkles  
What value a glorious name!  
What have I to envy.  
When my love forsakes me!  
(*With despair*.) All is finished  
For me in this world,  
Like one banished  
I shall solitary fly  
By the path I walked a victor  
No more happiness,  
Nor the promised bliss  
My sad heart  
Breaks forever!  
Lying dream  
Ephemeral tenderness,  
Fly away with an eternal flight!

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G

DANTE.

Tout est fini  
Pour moi sur la terre  
Hélas!

Mais non! Je ne veux pas désespérer encor!  
Il faut que je la voie, il faut que je lui parle!  
A m'entendre va tressaillir son cœur;  
Ah! je saurai reprendre à qui l'osait ravir ce cœur,  
Mon seul trésor!

*Il sort vivement.*

SCENE IV.

BEATRICE, GEMMA.

*(Béatrice et Gemma sortent de la chapelle, Béatrice s'avance la première, la tête inclinée avec un air d'accablement profond.)*

GEMMA.

Courage Béatrice,  
Celui que nous venons de prier toutes deux  
Saura te soutenir au jour du sacrifice.

BEATRICE.

Si le ciel exauçait mes vœux,  
Lorsque viendra ce jour je franchirais ces portes  
Avec le voile blanc qu'on met au front des mortes.

GEMMA.

Ah! tais-toi, c'est affreux!

BEATRICE.

Tu sais bien, chère confidente,  
Que j'aimerais toujours celui qu'on nomme Ali-  
Que moi j'appelais: Dante. [Ghieri.

GEMMA.

Que cet amour soit loin de toi comme de lui.

BEATRICE.

Il n'était qu'un enfant, j'étais toute petite  
Lorsque je l'ai connu pour la première fois.  
Sans doute plus heureux, il oublia plus vite....  
Ce temps loin de son cœur, toujours je le revois!

Comme deux oiseaux que leur vol rassemble  
Nous allions par le grand jardin  
Sans savoir pourquoi, joyeux d'être ensemble.  
Mais parfois aussi rongissant soudain,  
Et puis je venais, sous les lauriers roses,  
Pres de lui m'asseoir afin d'écouter  
Les récits charmants et les douces choses  
Qu'il savait déjà si bien raconter.

ENSEMBLE.

BEATRICE.

Nous allions tous deux par le grand jardin, etc.  
GEMMA.

Que cet amour soit loin de toi comme de lui.

*Béatrice baisse le front; Gemma l'attire tendrement sur sa poitrine.*

Ah! pleure librement, pleure, et de ta souffrance  
Verse en mon âme le secret.  
Qui donc, mieux que moi, hélas, la comprendrait!

SCENE V.—Final.

BEATRICE, GEMMA, DANTE, BARDI, GUEL-  
FUS II GIBELINS.

*Des clameurs sortent du Palais; de tous côtés sur la place arrivent des groupes animés.*

All is finished  
For me on earth  
Alas! but no  
I will not yet despair!  
I must see her  
I must speak to her!  
Her heart will soften at hearing me.  
Ah I shall know how to win back that heart  
From the one who dared ravish it from me.  
My only treasure! *(He goes out rapidly.)*

SCENE IV

BEATRICE, GEMMA.

*Beatrice and Gemma issue from the chapel. Beatrice approaches first, her head bowed, with an air of profound discouragement.*

GEMMA.

Courage, Beatrice.  
The one whom we both prayed just now  
Will know how to sustain thee on the day of the  
[sacrifice.

BEATRICE.

If heaven heard my prayer  
When this day shall come I should issue from  
[these gates  
With the white shroud put on the dead.

GEMMA.

Ah! silence, this is awful!

BEATRICE.

Thou knowest well dear confident,  
That I shall always love the one they call  
Whom I called Dante, [Alighieri.

GEMMA.

Let this love be far from thee, as from him.

BEATRICE.

He was but a child, I was quite small  
When I first knew him.  
Without doubt, being more happy, he forgot  
more quickly.

That time which is far from his heart.

I still forever see it.....

Like two birds united by their flight

We went through the great garden.

Without knowing why, joyous to be together,

But sometimes also suddenly blushing.

And then I used to come in the rosy laurels.

To sit near him so as to hear

His charming tales and the sweet things

He knew already so well how to tell.

TOGETHER.

BEATRICE.

We both went through the great garden....

GEMMA.

Let this love be far, etc.

*Beatrice bows her head; Gemma draws her tenderly to her heart.*

Ah! weep freely, weep in thy distress.

Pour into my heart thy secret.

Who better than me, alas, would understand it.

SCENE V.—Final.

BEATRICE, GEMMA, DANTE, BARDI,

GUELPHS and GIBELINES

*Chorus are heard from the palace. From all sides animated groups arrive on the square.*

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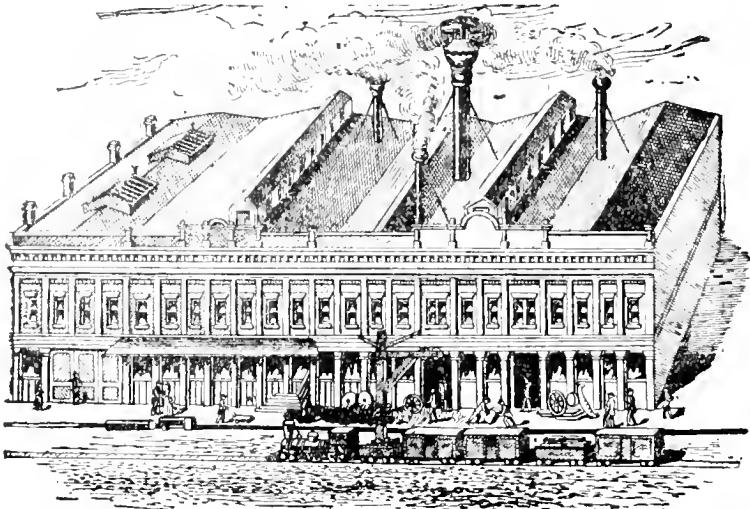
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### DANTE.

7

#### CHŒUR DU PEUPLE.

Le peuple a rendu sa sentence!  
Salut à Dante Alighieri.

#### BEATRICE, tressaille.

Gemma, ce nom. Que disent-ils?

#### GEMMA.

C'est Dante qu'on nomme!

#### CHŒUR.

Le peuple a rendu sa sentence,  
Salut, honneur, gloire à Dante,  
Salut, honneur, gloire au Prieur.  
*Dante paraît sur la place, Béatrice l'aperçoit.*

#### BEATRICE.

Lui!

*Bardi va au devant de Dante et l'amène sur la scène.*

#### BARDI.

Venez écouter le peuple de Florence.

#### DANTE.

O peuple! Que veux-tu de moi?

#### CHŒUR.

En toi nous avons confiance.  
Commande et nous suivrons ta loi.

#### DANTE.

Quoi! vous voulez que je me jette  
Dans la bataille et la tempête.  
Au sein des partis furieux.

Non. Non,

Je ne sais, rêveur tranquille  
Que m'en aller, lisant Virgile,

*Par les sentiers emplis de chants mystérieux.*

#### CHŒUR.

O Dante, sauve nous des partis furieux.

#### BARDI.

Entends ce peuple qui te prie,  
Il met en toi tout son espoir;  
Florentin, défends ta patrie,  
Pour être grand, fais ton devoir.

#### DANTE.

Ma force est inégale à la tâche imposée,  
Et mon âme aujourd'hui,  
Défaillante et brisée,

Plutôt que d'en prêter aurait besoin d'appui.

#### BARDI.

Entends ce peuple.....etc.

#### CHŒUR.

En toi nous avons confiance.....etc.

*Béatrice sort lentement de la foule et s'avance vers Dante qui la contemple, muet et comme fasciné par son regard.*

#### BEATRICE.

Quand ils vont aux dangers sans nombre,  
Réclamés des peuples ravis,  
Par d'autres cœurs cachés dans l'ombre,  
Les vaillants sont parfois suivis,  
Ce doux cortège de tendresses  
Autour de toi tu peux l'avoir;  
Vas sans regrets, sois sans faiblesse.  
Pour être aimé fais ton devoir.

#### CHORUS OF THE PEOPLE

The people has given its verdict.  
Hail to Dante Alighieri!

#### BEATRICE.

(trembling) Gemma, whose name!  
What are they saying?

#### GEMMA.

It is Dante who is elected!

#### CHORUS.

The people has given its verdict.  
Hail, honor, glory to Dante  
Hail, honor, glory to the prior.  
*Dante appears on the square. Beatrice sees him.*

#### BEATRICE.

He!

*Bardi goes to meet Dante and leads him to the scene.*

#### BARDI.

Hear the people of Florence.

#### DANTE.

Oh people! What dost thou want of me?

#### CHORUS.

In thee we have confidence.  
Command and we will follow thy law.

#### DANTE.

What! you want that I should throw myself  
Into the battle and the storm,  
Into the bosom of the furious parties!

No! No!

I a quiet dreamer, who knows  
Only to walk along, reading Virgil,  
By the paths filled with mysterious melodies.

#### CHORUS

Oh Dante, save us from the furious parties, etc.

#### BARDI.

Hear this people which begs thee  
It puts all its hope in thee.  
Florentine, defend thy country.  
To be great, perform thy duty.

#### DANTE.

My strength is unequal to the task imposed,  
And my soul to-day,  
Wavering and broken  
Instead of giving, would require support.

#### BARDI.

Hear this people.....etc.

#### CHORUS.

In thee we have confidence, etc.

*Beatrice issues slowly from the crowd and advances towards Dante who contemplates her, silently and as fascinated by her look.*

#### BEATRICE.

When they go to numberless dangers,  
At the call of excited people,  
By others heart, hidden in the shadow,  
The valiant are sometimes followed.  
This sweet cortege of tenderesses,  
Around thee thou wilt have; be without weak-  
Go without regret; [uess.  
To be loved, do thy duty!

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S

## DANTE.

DANTE. *A part, comme un rêve.*

Pour être aimé

(*au peuple*) Je veux tenter l'œuvre suprême.

A vous mon bras et mon esprit,  
(*regardant Béatrice*) et mon cœur.

GEMMA.

Il l'aime, il l'aime encore.

BEATRICE.

Il m'aime.

Tous.

Salut au Maître. Salut au Protecteur.

CHEFS GIBELINS—*Montrant leur drapeau.*

Voici notre drapeau.

CHEFS GUELPHS—*Designant leur bannière.*

C'est le nôtre.

Tous—*A Dante.* Lequel sera le tien.

DANTE.

(*Saisissant le gonfalon et le déployant.*)

Le drapeau de Florence.

Où, ce peuple qui met en moi son espoir.

Ne doit plus voir que lui, flottant sous notre ciel.

(*On voit Dante du riche manteau des Prieurs de Florence.*)

DANTE.

Plus de discorde criminelle,

Que nos vains débats soient finis;

Soyons à jamais réunis

Dans une ét cinte fraternelle.

A notre voix, noble cité

Que ton front penché se relève.

Tous tes enfants n'ont qu'un seul rêve,

Ta grandeur et ta liberté

BEATRICE, BARDI, et Tous—*Reprenant.*

Plus de discorde, etc.

Salut, honneur, au Protecteur.

DANTE—*Aside, as in a dream.*

To be loved!

*To the people* I will try the supreme task.

Yours is my arm, and my head and my heart.

*Looking at Beatrice.*

GEMMA.

He loves her, he loves her still.

BEATRICE.

He loves me...

CHORUS.

All hail to the master! Hail to the Protector.

GIBELLINE CHIEFS—*Showing their banners.*

Here is our ensign.

GUELPH CHIEFS—*Showing theirs.*

Here is ours.

All (*to Dante*) which will be thine?

DANTE.

(*Grasping the gonfalon and displaying it.*)

The banner of Florence!

Yes, this people, which puts in it its hope,

Shall only see that, floating under our heaven.

*Dante is invested with the rich mantle of the priors of Florence.*

DANTE.

No more criminal discord.

Let our vain disputes be ended;

Let us forever be united

In a fraternal embrace.

At our voice noble city

Let thy doomed front be redressed.

All thy children have a sole dream,

Thy greatness and thy freedom.

BEATRICE, BARDI, AND ALL.

No more discord, etc.,

Hail, honor to the Protector.

## ACTE II.

[Le théâtre représente une salle du Palais des Seigneurs. Elle est éclairée par de grandes baies vitrées. Au fond un rideau de tapisserie. Portes à droite et à gauche. Vers la gauche, un grand fauteuil, près d'une table chargée de papiers. BARDI, seul en scène. Au lever du rideau il est assis dans le fauteuil et parcourt les papiers qui sont sur la table.]

### SCENE I.

BARDI.

Nos généreux espoirs seront-ils vains? Je tremble  
A voir comme sur nous s'est assombri le ciel:

Les chefs des deux partis se sont à proscrire en-semble

Ensemble ont fait appel.

A Charles de Valois, frère du roi de France...

(*Il se lève.*)

Qu'on ouvre à l'étranger les portes de Florence.  
O maître, c'en est fait d'un reste de pouvoir.

(*Il marche rêveur.*)

## ACT II.

The theatre represents a hall in the palace of the noblemen. It is lighted by large bay windows. In the rear a tapestry curtain. Doors on the right and on the left. To the left a large arm chair near a table covered with papers. Bardi alone on the scene. When the curtain rises he is seated in the armchair and looks over the papers on the table.

### SCENE I.

BARDI.

Will our generous hopes be vain? I tremble

To see how the sky has darkened over us.

The chiefs of the two parties who were proscrib-

Here together appealed

To Charles de Valois brother of the king of France.

To open to the strangers the doors of Florence.

Oh masters! This ends the remains of our power.

(*He walks dreamily.*)

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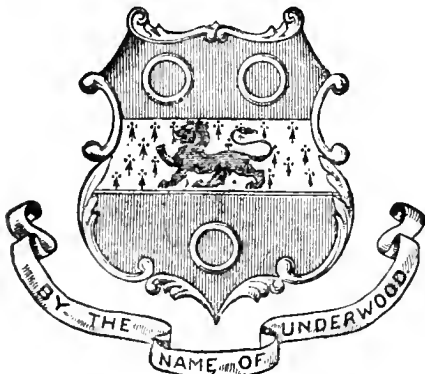
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## Dante.

1

Cantilène.

*Andante molto.*

*Dante.*

*Piano.*

*pp*

*f*

Le ciel est si bleu sur Flo - ren - ce Son a -  
The heavens are so blue a - bove Florence,..... Their a -

zur..... a tant de dou - ceurs Qu'un chant d'a - mour et d'es - pé -  
zure..... is so pure..... That songs of love and hope....

ran - ce De - vrait mon - ter, mon - ter de tous les cœurs; mais la  
..... should a - rise..... from all..... hearts; but the

bri - se fré - mis - san - te..... N'em por - te aux clairs fir ma -  
wav - ing breeze..... Carries towards the..... skies....

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DANTE. (Cantilène.)

*f.*

ments...  
only...  
que la ru meur gran-dis-san-te Dé ter-nels res-sen-ti-  
the ev-er increasing clam-or..... of e-ternal.. quar-rel-

*Allegro.*

ments.....  
ling.....

*tempo tranquille.* *dim.* *pp*

Mes frè-res, mes a-mis!..... Le  
My broth-ers, my friends!..... The

ciel..... est si bleu sur Flo-ren-ce Son a-zur..... a tant de dou  
heavens are so blue above Flo-rence.... Their a-zure..... is so pure



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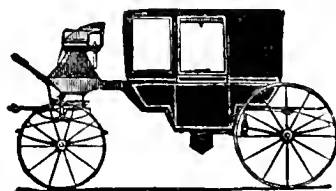
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DANTE.

9

Ce n'est pas seulement sur nous que tout est noir.  
Ah! c'est en moi.

Ces mots, ces mots, je les entends sans cesse :

"Va sans regrets, sois sans faiblesse,

Pour être aimé fais ton devoir.

Quelle flamme alors j'ai cru voir dans ses yeux.

Non! à trahir sa promesse

Elle n'a pu songer.

Et je n'ai pas encore d'abandon à venger.

Qu'on ouvre à l'étranger les portes de Florence.

O maître, et c'en est fait d'un reste de pouvoir.

(Il s'assied de nouveau et continue à parcourir les papiers qui sont sur la table.)

### SCENE II.

GEMMA, BARDI. (*Gemma entre par la droite.*)

BARDI. (*Allant vivement vers Gemma.*)

Gemma! La chère Beatrice.

A-t-elle enfin fixé le jour de notre hymen?

GEMMA.

Je viens vous demander un cruel sacrifice.

(*Très-aillement de Bardi.*)

Mais digne d'un grand cœur. Renoncez à sa main

BARDI.

Je l'attendais cette parole.

Ma tendresse n'est pas si folle

Qu'elle n'ait vu la trahison.

GEMMA.

Ah! vous accusez sans raison;

Beatrice à cette heure

Ignore ce que je fais mais elle pleure.

Et je revois son front plus pâle chaque jour.

Oubliez sa promesse.

BARDI.

Oublier cet amour.

(Il se rapproche de Gemma et lui parle avec une rage contenue.)

Où, si je la délie.

Des que j'aurai parlé,

Sur saèvre palie

Je sais quo reviendra le sourire envolé.

Où, ses yeux dont les charmes

Ont pris mon faible cœur,

Si je tairis ses larmes,

Retrouveront bientôt leur première douceur.

Mais tu l'as bien compris docile messagère.

Alors, nous la verrons radiense et légère,

Courir à son amant et tomber dans ses bras.

(*sourdemment*) Et cet amant, c'est Dante, n'est-ce [pas?]

GEMMA.

A lui, dès son enfance, elle s'était donnée,

Et ne pouvait le revoir sans émoi.

Par vous qu'elle soit pardonnée.

BARDI.

Pardonner! On voit bien que tu n'aimes pas.

GEMMA.

Hélas! mon âme est blessée

Comme la vôtre. J'ai le même tourment,

Et c'est Dante que j'aime.

BARDI.

Et tu veux insensée

Jeter ma Beatrice aux bras de ton amant.

GEMMA. — *Avec une expression très douce.*

Si ma douleur est amère.

Pourtant, je le sais aussi

Par le bien que l'on peut faire,

It is not alone for us that all looks dark,

Ah! In me, too,

These words, these words, I ever hear them:

"Go without regret, be without weakness,

To be loved, do thy duty."

What a flame I thought to see in her eyes!

No! to betray her promise,

She could not have thought of it.

And I have not yet her abandonment to revenge.

Let the gates of Florence be open to the strangers.

Oh! masters, and that ends the remains of your

[power.]

(He sits himself again and continues to peruse the papers on the table.)

### SCENE II.

GEMMA, BARDI. (*Gemma enters from the right.*)

BARDI—*Going towards Gemma.*

Gemma. Has the dear Beatrice

At last appointed the day for our nuptial?

GEMMA.

I come to ask you a cruel sacrifice.

(*Bardi is violently moved.*)

But worthy of a great heart. Renounce her hand

BARDI.

I expected this word!

My tenderness is not so insane.

That it has not seen the treason!

GEMMA.

Ah! You accuse without reason!

Beatrice at this hour

Is ignorant of what I do, but she weeps,

And I see her face growing paler every day

Forget her promise!

BARDI.

Forget this love!

(He approaches Gemma and speaks with contained rage.)

Yes, if I release her,

As soon as I shall have spoken

On her paled lips

The last smile will return.

Yes, her eyes whose charms

Have conquered my weak heart.

If I dry their tears,

Will soon recover their pristine sweetness!

But thou hast well understood it, faithful mesen-

[ger.]

Then we shall see her radiant and light hearted,

Running to her lover and falling into his arms.

(*angrily.*) And this lover, it is Dante, is it not [so?]

GEMMA.

To him she gave her heart in her childhood,

And could not see him again without emotion.

Then let her be pardoned by you!

BARDI.

To pardon! Oh one can see that thou lovest not.

GEMMA.

Alas! My soul is wounded,

Like yours, I have the same torment

And it is Dante whom I love.

BARDI.

And thou wantest me to madly

Throw my Beatrice into the arms of thy lover.

GEMMA—*With a very soft expression.*

If my pain is gretter,

I still also know

By the good one may do

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DANTE.

Notre mal est adouci.  
Un rayon doit encore luire  
Dans l'ombre où je resterai,  
Si j'entrevois le sourire  
De ceux par qui j'ai pleuré.  
Apaisez votre colère,  
Et pardonnez noblement;  
Comme vous je désespère,  
Comme moi soyez clément.

BARDI.

Folle et lâche femme,  
Pardonnez la douleur  
Est facile à ton âme,  
Mais je n'ai que la haine et la vengeance au  
Cœur, je veux me venger. [Cœur.]

GEMMA—BARDI.

Pitié pour eux, pitié seigneur, etc.,  
Folle et lâche femme, etc. [Ils sortent.]

## SCENE III.

*La tapisserie du fond s'écarte, Béatrice apparaît.*

BEATRICE.

Paroles de haine, aven de tendresse,  
J'ai tout entendu.  
Pour tous je saurais tenir ma promesse;  
Mon dernier espoir, cher Dante, est perdu.

AIR.

Comme un doux nid sous la ramée,  
A l'ombre de ta renommée  
Une autre cachera son paisible bonheur.  
O cruelle douleur!  
Quand tu voudras, lassée  
Du labeur glorieux,  
En des regards aimants reposer ta pensée,  
Ce n'est pas vers les miens que s'en iront tes  
Yeux.  
O cruelle douleur!  
Comme un doux nid sous la ramée  
Où le printemps met sa splendeur,  
A l'ombre de ta renommée,  
Une autre cachera son paisible bonheur.  
Ah! que la mort soit prompte à délivrer mes  
Peines.

## SCENE IV.

BEATRICE. DANTE.

*En ce moment Dante, ouvrant la porte de gauche,  
s'avance le front baissé, et sans apercevoir d'abord  
Béatrice qui tressaille douloureusement à sa vue.*

BEATRICE.

C'est lui, Seigneur, en ce cruel instant soutenez-  
DANTE.—Apercevant Béatrice. [moi.]  
Béatrice! Après tant de messages et de prières  
vaines,

Enfin, c'est vous que je revois.

BEATRICE.

Dante, vous me voyez pour la dernière fois.

DANTE.

Sur ta levre est l'adieu  
Et non dans ta pensée.

BEATRICE.

Je suis la fiancée  
D'un homme à qui je dois  
L'un de mes jours heureux,  
Et je n'en compte guère.

DANTE.

Ah! celui qui m'ignora  
De ta douleur : busnit lâchement

Our pain is allievated  
A ray shall yet pierce  
Into the shadow, where I shall remain  
If I see the smile  
Of those for whom I have wept.  
Abate your anger  
And nobly pardon!  
Like you I despair  
Like me be forgiving

BARDI

Foolish and cowardly woman!  
Te pardon the pain  
Is easy to thy soul  
But I have only hate and vengeance in my heart  
Yes I want revenge.

GEMMA

Pity for them, my God, etc.

BARDI

Foolish and coward woman, etc. *They go out.*

## SCENE III

*The tapestry in the rear opens, Beatrice appears.*

BEATRICE

Words of hate I avowal of love  
I heard it all!  
For all I shall know to keep my promise.  
My last hope, dear Dante, is lost.

AIR

Like a sweet nest under the foliage  
In the shadow of thy fame  
Another will hide her peaceful happiness.  
Oh cruel pain!  
When thou wilt, tired  
Of glorious labors,  
Repose thy thought in loving eyes  
Thine eyes will not look towards mine  
Oh cruel pain.  
Like a sweet nest under the foliage  
Where spring puts its splendor  
In the shadow of thy fame  
Another will hide her peaceful happiness.  
Ah! may death be quick to deliver me from my  
(sorrow)

## SCENE IV

BEATRICE, DANTE

*At this moment Dante, opening the door to the left,  
advances with bowed head, without at first perceiv-  
ing Beatrice, who trembles painfully on seeing him*

BEATRICE.

It is him, Lord! At this cruel instant sustain me.

DANTE, (perceiving Beatrice)

After so many messages and vain prayers  
At last I see you again!

BEATRICE.

Dante, you see me for the last time

DANTE

In thy words is the farewell  
But not in thy thought.

BEATRICE

I am the betrothed  
Of a man to whom I owe  
One of my happy days.  
And I do not count many of them!

DANTE.

Ah! He who then  
Vilely took advantage of thy sorrow

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DANTE.

11

N'a droit qu'à ton oubli.  
Ton époux, ton amant,  
C'est moi, c'est moi seul.

BEATRICE—*Tristement.*

Poète, la gloire  
Du bout de son aile, en votre mémoire  
Effacera bientôt mon nom.

DANTE.

Non, Non,

Demain, si tu m'abandonnes  
Pourrais-je encor chanter:  
Je n'ai cherché des couronnes  
Que pour te les apporter.  
Sans toi mon œuvre est finie  
Et n'aura duré qu'un jour.  
C'est me prendre mon génie  
Que me ravir mon amour.

BEATRICE—*A part, avec extase.*

L'entendre ainsi parler, quelle ivresse profonde.

DANTE—*Se rapprochant d'elle.*

Sur mon front l'orage gronde,  
Chaque heure amène un danger;  
Il n'est que toi seule au monde,  
Qui puisse m'encourager.  
Ton âme aux douceurs célestes  
De la mienne est la moitié;  
Par amour si tu ne restes,  
Reste au moins par amitié.

ENSEMBLE.

Tu le veux que mon sort à ton sort lié.  
Je t'aime. Echos du premier jour  
Jusqu'à l'heure suprême  
Doit vivre notre amour;  
Je suis à toi, je t'aime.

*(Elle se laisse aller dans les bras de Dante.)*

SCÈNE V.—Final.

BEATRICE, DANTE, BARDI, VIERI, CHEFS  
GUELPHES ET GIBELINS.

*La porte de gauche s'ouvre et sans être vue de Dante et de Béatrice, perdus dans leur extase, entrent et se trouvent debout sur le seuil Fieri et ses compagnons.*

CHEFS GIBELINS—*Railleurs.*

Cher Gonfalonnier de Justice,  
Daignez ici nous recevoir.

*Dante fait un mouvement pour emmener Béatrice, mais Fieri et ses partisans lui barrent le passage et le saluent ironiquement.*

BARDI.

S'il vous plaisait qu'on nous banisse,  
Il nous plaisait de vous revoir.

*Dante entraîne Béatrice vers la porte de droite, mais il se trouve arrêté par Donato qui entre suivi de ses partisans.*

LES GIBELINS—*Railleurs.*

Illustre Prieur de Florence,  
Nous réunir nous semble doux.  
Mais seulement.... c'est contre vous.

DANTE.

Quel traître vous ouvre ce palais?

BEATRICE—*A part.*

Je frissonne....

*(Elle s'élance vers le fond de la salle en appelant)*  
A l'aide..... Au secours!

Has a right only to be forgotten!  
Thy spouse, thy lover  
It is I, I alone!

BEATRICE, *Sadly.*

Poet, glory

With the tip of her wing in your memory  
Will soon efface my name.

DANTE.

No! No!

To-morrow, if thou abandonest me  
Could I sing again?  
I have sought far crowns  
But to bring them to thee.

Without thee my work is ended  
And will have lasted but one day.  
It is robbing me of my genius  
To rob me of thy love

BEATRICE, *Aside, with enthusiasm.*

What a joy!

To hear him speak so,

DANTE, *approaching her.*

On my head the storm is gathering.  
Every hour bring a danger,  
Only thou in the world  
Can encourage me!  
Thy soul of heavenly sweetness  
Is one half of mine!  
If thou must not love me  
At least remain from pity

Pity

Thou wiltst it, let my fate to thine be linked  
I love thee. Born of the first day  
Until the supreme hour  
Our love must live.  
I am thine! I love thee

*She falls into Dante arms*

SCÈNE V—final

BEATRICE, DANTE, BARDI, VIERI, GUELPH  
and GIBELLINE CHIEFS

*The door to the left opens and without being seen by Dante and Beatrice, lost in ecstasy, Fieri and his companions enter and remain standing on the threshold.*

GIBELLINE CHIEFS, *Ironically.*

Dear Gonfalonier of Justice,  
Deign to receive us.

*Dante makes sign to lead Beatrice off, but Fieri and his partisans prevent his passage, ironically saluting him.*

BARDI

It pleased you to banish us.  
It pleases us to see you again

*Dante draws Beatrice to the door at the right, but is stopped by Donato, who enters with his partisans.*

THE GIBELLINES, *Ironically.*

Illustrious Prior of Florence  
It seemed sweet to us to unite.  
We have made this alliance,  
But solely.... against you!

DANTE.

What traitor has opened to you this palace?

BEATRICE, *aside.*

I tremble.

*She runs to the rear of the hall, crying:*

Help! .... Help! ....

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DANTE.

*Le rideau se lève. Bardi se dresse devant Béatrice qui pousse un cri de terreur.*  
 Lui....

BARDI—*Très froid.*

N'appellez pas! Personne ne doit venir.  
*Il s'arance en scène.*

Ceux que vous réclamez  
 Sont avec nous on bien sont désarmés.

GUELPHS ET GIBELINES.

La résistance est inutile.  
 De ton palais et de la ville  
 Nous sommes maîtres aujourd'hui.

DANTE—*Pièremment aux deux groupes ennemis qui l'ont entouré.*

Que demandez-vous donc?

BARDI—*Aux partisans.*

J'ai votie parole?

Tous.

Oui.

*Sur un signe de Bardi tous tirent leurs épées.*

DANTE.

Assassins!

BEATRICE—*Affolée, à Bardi.*  
 Grâce, grâce pour lui.

BARDI.

Sa grâce est dans vos mains.

BEATRICE.

Que faut-il que je fasse?

BARDI—*Designant Dante.*

Pour lui la mort....

Ou pour vous le couvent.

BEATRICE—DANTE.

Le couvent.

DANTE.

Béatrice, que je meure  
 Plutôt que te pleurer vivant!

BARDI—*Fait un signe aux partisans qui sont vers Dante.*

Alors....

BEATRICE.

Non, je vous en conjure....

BARDI.

Jurez donc par le ciel implacable au parjure  
 De jeter à ce monde un éternel adieu.  
 Et n'étant plus à moi, de n'être plus qu'à Dieu  
*Dante est toujours entouré par les épées*

DANTE.

Ne jure pas....

*Bardi fait un nouveau signe aux partisans qui s'apprêtent à frapper Dante.*

BEATRICE.

Par le ciel, je le jure....

ENSEMBLE.

DANTE et BEATRICE.

C'en est fait.... séparés sans pitié, sans retour,  
 Nous avons devant nous l'éternelle souffrance....  
 Nos bonheurs, Dieu jaloux te sont-ils une offense,  
 Pour songer comme un crime à punir tant d'amour.

BARDI.

C'en est fait, mon bonheur s'est enfui sans re-  
 {tour,

Mais je suis sans remords. D'une juste vengeance

*The curtain rises, Bardi appears before Beatrice who utters a cry of terror.*

He! He!

BARDI—*very coldly.*

Do not call. No one will come.

*He advances to the front.*

Those whom you would call  
 Are either with us or disarmed.

GUELPHS AND GIBELLINES.

Resistance is useless,  
 Of thy palace of the city,  
 We are masters to-day.

DANTE—*proudly to the two hostile groups who have surrounded him.*

What then do you want?

BARDI—*to the partisans*

I have your word?

ALL.

Yes.

*At a sign from Bardi all draw their swords..*

DANTE.

Assassins.

BEATRICE—*beside herself.*  
 Pardon, pardon for him.

BARDI.

His pardon is in your hands

BEATRICE.

What must I do?

BARDI—*pointing at Dante.*

For him death....

Or for you the cloister.

BEATRICE—DANTE.

The cloister.

DANTE.

Beatrice, let me die  
 Rather than to mourn thee living.

BARDI—*gives a sign to the partisans who advance a step towards Dante.*

Then.

BEATRICE.

No, I beseech you.

BARDI.

Swear then by heaven, unpardoning to perjury.  
 To say an eternal farewell to this man,  
 And being no longer mine to belong only to God.  
*Dante is always surrounded by swords.*

DANTE.

Do not swear.

*Bardi repeats his sign to the partisans who prepare to strike Dante.*

BEATRICE.

By heaven, I swear it.

TOGETHER.

DANTE AND BEATRICE.

'Tis done. Separated without pity or return,  
 We have before us eternal sufferings  
 Our happiness, jealous God, is it an offense to you  
 To punish so much love like a crime.

BARDI.

'Tis done, my happiness has down without re-  
 {turn,

But I am without remorse of a just vengeance,

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## D A N T E

### ACT II.

A hall in the palace, lighted by immense bay windows: in the back ground a rich tapestry hanging. Doors on both sides. Table and seats. Bardi, seated, is reading some documents. He deplures the measures taken by Dante in sending in exile the leaders of the rival parties who have made appeal to Charles, brother of the king of France, but what incenses him more is that he has understood Beatrice's words and sees that she loves Dante. Enters Gemma who comes to beg Bardi to give back her word to Beatrice, who loves Dante since. Bardi declares that he will not give her up and shall win her love back. Rather give her up and pardon her, says Gemma,—You, then, do not know what is Love! says Bardi,—Gemma then confesses that she also suffers from unrequited love, for she loves Dante, but knowing that Dante can be made happy only by Beatrice's love, she keeps her love secret. They depart and Beatrice who has heard all from behind the tapestry hangings enters. Like her friend Gemma she is ready to sacrifice her love to Dante's happiness, when the latter enters. She tells him that she is here to bid him a last adieu, but Dante declares that he cannot live without her, and that without the inspiration of her love his genius will die and he shall forsake poetry. Moved by so much love Beatrice falls in Dante's arms. In their extase they have not seen enter Bardi and the Ghibelins leaders whom Dante has banished. They come to avenge themselves, and Bardi exacts from Beatrice that she shall give up Dante and swear to enter a convent or else she will see him slain before her. In spite of Dante's generous devotion in declaring that he would rather die than see her thus buried alive Beatrice swear to enter a convent, and Dante's life is spared but he is exiled in his turn as he had exiled the Ghibelins. Dante threaten to have them punished as soon as he is let free, but at the same moment are heard trumpets announcing the entrance of Charles of Valois in Florence, and heralds proclaim Dante's banishment.

### ACT III.

The stage represents the grave of the poet Virgil, shaded by laurel trees in full bloom. Near the grave is a moss-covered rack, used as a seat. At the rising of the curtain are seen gracefully grouped shepherds and women bearing sheaves of wheat. Young men and young girls, dance in groups and form a charming picture. They are about to leave the stage, when enter a group of students who

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DANTE.

13

J'aurais vu leur ivresse iusulter ma souffrance,  
Et trahi sans pitié je les frappe à mon tour.

GUELFES et GIBELINS.

C'en est fait, il n'est plus notre maître d'un jour,  
Sa grandeur est finie et la nôtre commence;  
Il perdra son orgueil en perdant son amour.

BARDI.

Maintenant vous pouvez remettre

Amis, votre épée au fourreau.

A Dante) Vous êtes libre, maître.

DANTE.

Ah! fais donc jusqu'au bout ton métier de bour-  
(aux partisans) [rean.

Vous êtes insensés de me laisser la vie.

Ici je suis encore puissant,

Et de tout votre saug,

Infâmes, vous paierez sa tendresse ravie.

Rires ironiques des partisans.

CHŒUR.

Puissant encore tu le crois. Ah.... Ah....

BARDI.

Entends-tu cette rumeur qui grandit et qui  
[monte?

DANTE.

Qu'est-ce donc?

Bardi s'est avancé à la croisée et a regardé dehors.

BARDI.

Charles de Vallois est entré dans Florence.

DANTE.

O l'effroyable honte....

Nouvelles rumeurs plus fortes. Trompettes. Ac-  
clamations.

BARDI.

Ecoute encore, c'est son premier édit

Qu'on proclame et qu'on applaudit.

Trompettes.

LA VOIX DU HERAULT.

"Au nom du Roi de France, notre frere,

Et par licence du Saint Pere,

Qui nous fait son représentant,

Nous, Charles de Valois enjoignons qu'à l'instant

Dante Alighieri soit banni de la ville.

Et ne puisse y rentrer sous peine de la mort."

DANTE.

Proscrit! Je suis proscrit....

GUELFES et GIBELINS, railleurs.

Dès qu'on est le plus fort on exile,

C'est vous, Seigneur, qui nous l'avez appris.

DANTE.

Misérables....

Beatrice est sortie de son accablement et chancelant  
elle se dirige vers Dante.

BEATRICE.

Dante....

Les partisans tout en riant se retirent peu à peu du  
fond de la salle en répétant le chœur.

DANTE, à mi-voix à Beatrice.

Tu l'as compris.

Par la force arrachée une promesse est vaine.

Si loin que le destin m'entraîne

Tu me suivras fidèle à nos amours.

BEATRICE.

Vous suivrez.... J'ai juré, Dante, adieu pour  
[toujours.

Should I have seen their joy insult my sufferings  
And, betrayed without pity, I strike them in my  
[turn.

GUELFES and GIBELLINES.

'Tis done, he is no longer our master of a day,  
His greatness is ended and ours commences,  
Feeble heart, which foolishly dreamed of power;  
He will lose his pride, losing his love.

BARDI.

Now you may return

Friends, your swords to their scabbards.

(To Dante.) You are free, master.

DANTE.

Oh! Do to the end thy work executioner!  
(To the Partisans.) You are insane to let me live,

Here I am still powerful

And with all your blood

Infamous men, you shall pay my lost love.

The partisans laugh ironically.

CHORUS.

Still powerful! Thou believest it! Ah! Ah! "

BARDI.

Doeest hear this noise increasing and rising.

DANTE.

What is it then?

Bardi advances to the window and looks out.

BARDI.

Charles de Valois has entered Florence.

DANTE.

Oh, the frightful shame.

New cries and acclamations, louder.

BARDI.

Listen still, it is his first edict

Which is proclaimed and applauded.

Trompettes.

THE VOICE OF THE HERALD.

"In the name of the King of France, our brother,

And by authority of the Holy See

Who creates us his representative

We, Charles of Valois, enjoin that instantly

Dante Alighieri be banished from the city

Not to reenter it under pain of death!"

DANTE.

Proscribed, I am proscribed.

GUELFES and GIBELLINES—ironically.

As soon as one is the strongest, one exiles,

It is you, my Lord, who have taught us that.

DANTE,

You curs!

Beatrice has recovered and staggers towards Dante.

BEATRICE.

Dante.

The partisans, while laughing retire gradually to the  
hall, repeating the chorus.

DANTE—in a low voice to Beatrice.

Thou hast understood,

A promise wrung by force is null,

However far destiny may bring me

Thou wilt follow me, faithful to our love.

BEATRICE.

Follow you! I have sworn! Dante, farewell for-  
[ever!

# J. A. SICARD, BUILDER

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14

DANTE.

DANTE.

Adieu mes amours.

GULPHES and GIBELINS, BARDI.

C'en est fait, etc.

*Fin du Deuxieme Acte.*

## ACTE III.

Le theatre represente le tombeau de Virgile. Tout-a-fait a gauche du spectateur, un tombeau ombrage par de grands lauriers roses. Pres du tombeau, un bloc de rocher couvert de mousse formant un siege. Au lever du rideau, groupes divers de Pasteurs et des femmes portant des gerbes de ble. Des jeunes gens et des jeunes filles dansent et forment un tableau tres gracieux et tres anime.

BALLET.

SCENE II.

UN VIEILLARD. CHOEUR.

LE VIEILLARD.

Partons, enfans. Déja grandit sur la montagne  
L'ombre du Pausilippe au declin du soleil.  
Voici la fin du jour, il est temps qu'on regagne  
La chaume ou nous attend le bienfaisant soleil.

ENSEMBLE.

Voici la fin du jour, etc.

LE VIEILLARD.

Par le sentier de la montagne

Je vois monter vers nous deux jeunes cavaliers.

Ce sont des écoliers

Qui viennent de la ville

Au tombeau de celui qu'ils appellent Virgile.  
*Entrent les écoliers qui portent des palmes et des couronnes. Ils vont se ranger de chaque côté de la tombe.*

SCENE IV.

ODE A VIRGILE.

ECOLIERS, PAYSANS.

UN ECOLIER.

O maître, dont la gloire emplit tout l'univers,

Et dont la cendre ici repose,

La paisible demeure où nous bercent tes vers,

Demain pour nous doit être close.

LES ECOLIERS.

Demain pour nous doit être close.

UN ECOLIER.

Mais le temps plein de toi ne peut être oublié.

Et ton œuvre est notre Évangile.

Dans un commun accord, scellant notre amitié,

Nous restons frères en Virgile.

LES ECOLIERS.

Nous restons frères en Virgile.

UN ECOLIER.

O doux pasteurs,

Gardiennes des troupeaux,

Semeurs de la moisson dorée

Il disait vos labours

En sa langue sacrée,

Ainsi que nous honorez son repos.

DANTE.

Farewell my love.

GULPHES and GIBELINS, BARDI.

'Tis done, etc.

*End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

The theatre represents the tomb of Virgil. To the left of the spectator, a tomb shaded by great red laurel trees. Near the grave, a rock covered with moss forming a seat. When the curtain rises divers groups of shepherds and women carrying sheafs of grain. Young men and girls dance and form an animated and pleasing tableau.

BALLET.

SCENE II.

AN OLD MAN. CHORUS.

OLD MAN.

Let us go, children,

Already lengthens on the mountain

The shade of Pausilippe as the sun sinks,

The close of day is here, it is time to return

To our huts, where beneficent sleep awaits us.

TOGETHER.

The close of day is here, etc.

OLD MAN.

By the mountain path

I see young cavaliers coming towards us

They are students

Coming from the city

To the tomb of him they call Virgil.

*The students enter carrying palms and crowns. They group themselves on either side of the tomb.*

SCENE IV.

ODE TO VIRGIL.

STUDENTS, PEASANTS.

A STUDENT.

Oh, master, whose glory fills the universe,

And whose ashes here repose

The peaceful dwelling where thy verses inspired

Is to be closed to us to-morrow. [us]

STUDENTS.

Is to be closed to us to-morrow.

A STUDENT.

But the time spent with thee cannot be forgotten.

And thy work is our gospel,

In a common accord, sealing our friendship

We remain brothers in Virgil!

STUDENTS.

We remain brothers in Virgil.

A STUDENT.

Oh gentle shepherds,

Guardians of the herds,

Sowers of the golden harvests

He sang your labors

In his sacred tongue

Like us, honor his repose.

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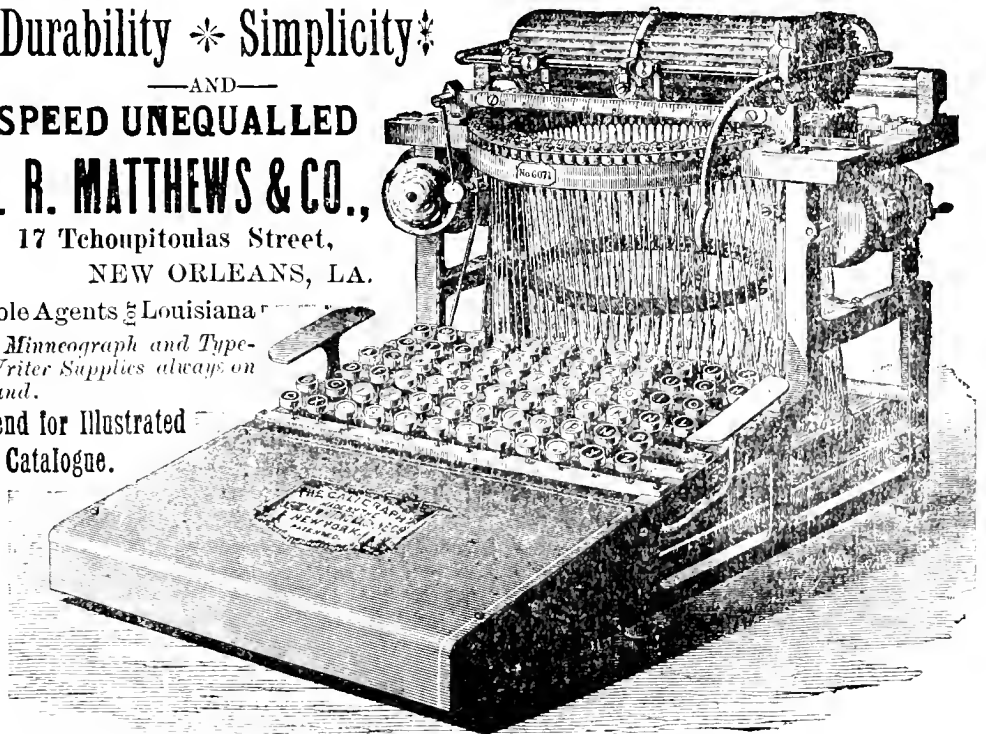
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TO CONTINUE UNTIL JANUARY 1, 1895.

ITS GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-annually (June and December) and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

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5 Prizes of	10,000 are.....	50,000
10 Prizes of	5,000 are.....	50,000
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100 Prizes of	800 are.....	80,000
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**ATTENTION.**—The present charter of the Louisiana State Lottery Company, which is part of the Constitution of the State, and by decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, is an inviolable contract between the State and the Lottery Company, will remain in force under any circumstances **FIVE YEARS LONGER, UNTIL 1895.**

The Louisiana Legislature, which adjourned July 10th, voted by two-thirds majority in each House, to let the people decide at an election, whether the Lottery shall continue from 1895 until 1919. The general impression is that **PEOPLE WILL FAVOR CONTINUANCE.**



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DANTE.

15

LES ÉCOLIERS.

Ainsi que nous, ... etc.

PASTEURS.

Honorons son repos.

*Les écoliers déposent leurs palmes sur le tombeau et les pasteurs viennent à tour de rôle en s'inclinant placer des fleurs et des épis.*

UN ÉCOLIER.

O maître dont le nom ne peut être oublié.

Qui ton œuvre est notre Évangile.

Tous LES ÉCOLIERS.

Days un common amour scellant notre amitié.

Nous restons frères en Virgile.

LE VIEILLARD.

Partons enfants, voici la fin du jour.

VIEILLARD et CHOEUR.

Voici la fin du jour, ... etc.

*Tous s'éloignent peu à peu.*

SCENE V.

Dante apparaît, revêtu du costume historique.  
Il s'avance sombre, la tête inclinée sur la poitrine. Le jour baisse de plus en plus.

DANTE.

Encore un jour qui tombe

Dans le gouffre infini.

Sans laisser un rayon sur le front du banni.

Où donc est Béatrice ? A l'heure où je succombe

N'a-t-elle pas perdu jusqu'à mon souvenir ?

*Avec accablement.*

Je suis si triste et las qu'il me faut me tombe  
Pour qu'un peu de repos me puisse encor venir.

*Il s'approche du tombeau.*

O maître, lève-toi, dans l'ombre où je me penche,  
Couronné de lauriers, ... Dans ta tunique blanche  
Dicte-moi le poème idéal et rêvé ;

Gloire et bonheur j'en ai tout retrouvé.

*Il va s'asseoir sur le rocher voisin de la tombe. La nuit vient peu à peu.*

Folle chimère !

Mais je me sens accablé, ... Ma paupière

S'abaisse, ... un voile est sur mes yeux.

Ah ! sois béni sommeil qui de la vie amère

Doit me faire oublier.

LE RÊVE DU DANTE.—PREMIÈRE PARTIE.

L'ENFER.

APPARITION DE VIRGILE.

*Dante s'endort.—La nuit est tout à fait venue.— Lentement la pierre du tombeau se soulève.— Couronné de lauriers, vêtu d'une longue robe blanche, Virgile apparaît, éclairé par un rayon de lune.*

VIRGILE, parlant à Dante endormi.

Dante, c'est chose bien fragile

Que le bonheur humain

Le tien va se briser

Mais la Muse est fidèle et viendra t'apaiser.

*Dante a tressailli, il ouvre à demi les yeux, il aperçoit l'ombre et essaye de se lever. Mais l'ombre étend la main et le poète retombe, ses yeux se ferment de nouveau.*

DANTE.

Virgile !

STUDENTS.

Like us, etc.

SHEPHERDS.

Let us honor his repose.

*The students deposit the palms on the grave and the shepherds one by one deposit flowers or ears of corn.*

A STUDENT.

Oh master, whose name cannot be forgotten,

Yes, thy work is our gospel.

ALL THE STUDENTS.

In a common love sealing our friendship,

We remain brothers in Virgil.

OLD MAN.

Let us go, children. The close of day is here.

OLD MAN AND CHOIR.

The close of day is here, etc.

*All go out gradually*

SCENE V.

Dante appears, clothed in the historic costume.  
He advances sad, the head inclined on his breast. The daylight disappears gradually.

DANTE.

Another day which falls

Into the infinite abyss

Without leaving a ray on the forehead of the [banished one.

Where is Beatrice ? At the hour of my fall

Is she not lost even to my memory ?

*With despair.*

I am so sad and tired that I must find a tomb  
to enjoy a little repose.

*He advances to the tomb.*

Oh master, rise, in the shadow in which I bow,  
Crowned with laurels, in thy white tunic  
Dicte to me the dreamed and ideal poem,  
Glory and happiness, I shall have found all again.

*He sits down on the rock near the tomb. Night falls gradually.*

Foolish fancy !

But I feel prostrated, ... My eyelids

Fall, ... a veil is over my eyes.

Ah ! be blessed, sleep, which of bitter life

Makes me forgetful.

DANTE'S DREAM—FIRST PART.

HELL.

APPARITION OF VIRGIL.

*Dante falls asleep. It is fully night. Slowly the gravestone is lifted. Laurel-crowned, clothed in a long white robe, Virgil appears, illuminated by a ray of the moon.*

VIRGIL, speaking to sleeping Dante.

Dante, it is a very brittle thing

Human happiness

Thine will be broken.

But the Muse is faithful and will come to console [thee.

*Dante has shuddered, he half opens his eyes and perceiving the shade tries to rise. But the shade extends his hands and the poet falls back, his eyes closing again.*

DANTE.

Virgil !

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16

DANTE.

VIRGILE.

Avant que de tes jours s'éteigne le flambeau,  
Je veux que ton œuvre s'achève,  
Et s'il est le plus sombre, il sera le plus beau.  
Visite en ton sommeil, dont je guide le rêve  
Le monde où l'on ne va qu'en sortant du tombeau.  
Dante, je veux que ton œuvre s'achève.

LA NUIT.

*Un rideau de nuages se lève lentement derrière eux.*

DANTE.

La nuit ! L'horrible nuit !

*Les nuages montent toujours. Il regarde dans le vide avec une expression d'effroi.*

Ces longs cris de souffrance...

Et ces mots que je vois tracés : "Vous qui venez  
[ici,

Laissez toute espérance."

CHOEUR DES DAMNÉS.

*Le rideau de nuages a continué son ascension et a disparu. On aperçoit l'enfer. Cavernes sombres dont les rochers ont par instants des effets sanglants. Derrière des blocs de rochers noirs, grouillant et se tortillant des ombres confuses.*

DES DAMNÉS.

Toujours... Toujours...  
O douleurs sans trêve ;  
Châtiment sans recours.  
Un cri s'élève  
Des enfers sourds,  
Maudits toujours.

DANTE.

L'enfer... (avec terreur.) Non... non...

*Il cache son visage dans ses mains comme pour échapper au terrible spectacle.*

DAMNÉS.

Ah !

VIRGILE.

Mon fils, poursuis ton rêve.

APPARITION D'UGOLIN.

DANTE.

Parmi ces malheureux.

Hier c'est le plus sombre et plus fatigué,  
Aujourd'hui c'est affreux...

De sang sur ses mains... à sa bouche...

VIRGILE.

Une supplice sans fin

Chaque crime sans exemple.

Selon ce que l'effroi contemple.

Est l'homme qui mourut dans la cour de la fameuse

DANTE.

Ugolin !

VIRGILE.

Fort loin, non, encore, sombre, sinistre immense,  
S'élève par instants

De foudres d'ours, en nuage s'étend

Et grandit et s'avance.

BOUILLON INFERNAL.

DAMNÉS.

Ah !

DANTE.

Où l'air gronde et mugit comme la mer

A l'heure des tempêtes.

VIRGILE.

Before the light of thy days shall be extinguished  
I want thy work to be accomplished, [forever,  
And if the darkest it shall be the most beautiful  
Visit in thy sleep, the dream of which I guide,  
The world where none go but after leaving their  
[tombs.

Dante I will that thy work be accomplished.

NIGHT.

*A curtain of clouds rises slowly behind them.*

DANTE.

The night ! The horrible night !

*The clouds continue to rise, he looks into space with an expression of terror in his face.*

These long cries of distress,

And these words I see traced : "You who come  
[here leave hope behind."

CHORUS OF THE DAMNED.

*The curtain of clouds continues its ascension and has disappeared. Hell is seen. Darkness invades the cauld which momentarily give bloody reflections. Behind the black rocks confused shades roll and crawl.*

DAMNED.

Always ! Always !

Oh pain without end,

Punishment without recourse,

A cry rises

From the deaf bells

Cursed forever.

DANTE.

Hell... (with terror) No, no !

*He hides his face in his hands as if to escape from the horrible spectacle.*

DAMNED.

Ah !

VIRGILE.

My son, pursue thy dream.

APPARITION OF UGOLIN.

DANTE.

Among these unfortunates,

There is one more somber and more troubled,

Ah ! This is awful,

Blood... on his hands... on his mouth.

VIRGILE.

A torture without end

Punishes a crime without example,

The one at whom thy terror looks,

Is the one who died in the Tower of Starvation.

DANTE.

Ugolin !

VIRGILE.

Far from us still, somber, sinister, immense,  
Sometimes traversed

By livid lightning, a cloud spreads

And becomes larger and advances.

INFERNAL TEMPEST.

DAMNED.

Ah !

DANTE.

Yes, the air rumbles and roars like the sea  
In the hour of storms.



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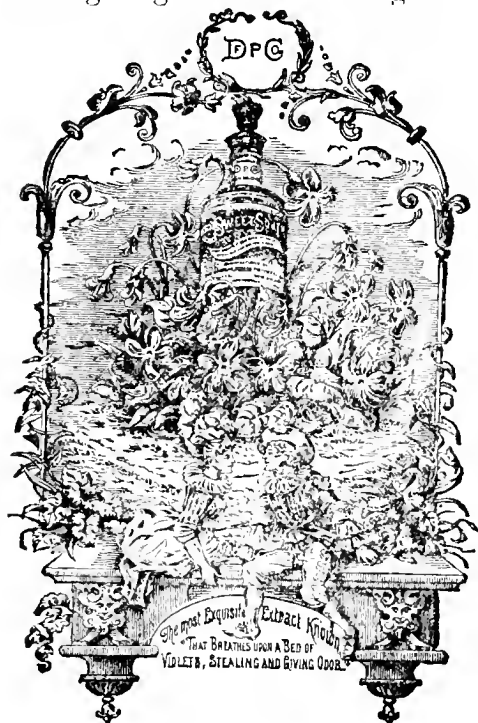
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DANTE. (Cantilène.) Concluded.

*cours..... q'un chant d'a-mour.... et.... d'es-pé-ran-ce de vrait mon-*  
*..... that songs of love..... and hope..... should a-*

*ter, mon-ter de tous les cœurs;* *Le ciel..... est si bleu sur Flo-*  
*rise..... from all..... hearts;* *The heavens are so blue above Flo-*

*ren-ce..... q'un chant d'a-mour.... et d'es-pé-ran-ce De-vrait mon-*  
*..... that songs of love..... and hope..... should a-*

*rall.* *tempo.* *Piu Lento.*

*ter de tous les cœurs.....*  
*rise from all..... hearts.....*

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*Andante tranquille.*

Beatrice.

*Comme un doux nid sous la ra*  
 As a down-y nest in the

Piano.

*pp*

*mé - e..... On le prin-temps met sa splen -*  
 fo - lège..... All aglow with the light of

*deur..... A L'om - bre de ta re - nom -*  
 Spring..... In the rays of your glo - ry,...

*mé - e Une au - tre ca - che -*  
 ..... An - oth - er woman will live...

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

Gather the human tears



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DANTE.

DANTE.

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DANTE.

Béatrice! Entends-moi!

CHŒUR.

Gloire à celui qui rayonne.

*La voir lumineuse s'éteint. Le rideau de nuages remonte, l'obscurité envahit de nouveau la scène.*

DANTE.

Ah, plus rien! Dans l'espace....

Tout se tait! Tout s'efface,

Tout est noir

Oni! tu l'as dit Béatrice

Je pourrai te revoir.

*Fin du troisième acte et du rêve de Dante.*

## ACTE IV.

Même décor qu'à l'acte précédent. An lever du rideau Dante est toujours endormi près du tombeau de Virgile. Le jour commence à venir.

CHŒUR DANS LA COULISSE. DANTE, BARDI, UN PÂTRE.

CHŒUR.

Ah!

Bardi paraît à droite. Un petit pâtre qui le précède lui désigne du doigt Dante, toujours endormi, et s'éloigne. Bardi fait quelques pas, puis s'arrête, n'osant l'aborder. Dante se réveille. Il promène d'abord un regard étonné autour de lui. Puis, se retournant, il se redresse et leve les yeux vers le ciel teint de rose.

DANTE.

Voici que l'aurore se lève,

Le brouillard matinal se dissipe dans l'air.

*Soudain il se rappelle. Sa figure s'illumine.*

Ah! le merveilleux rêve

Que j'ai fait.

*Dante aperçoit Bardi et recule d'un pas.*

Lui.... suis-je encore en enfer!

BARDI.

Pardonnez-moi... je suis indigne et coupable.

D'avengle colère envahi

J'ai tout blessé, j'ai tout trahi....

Du courroux qui m'accable

Trop juste est la rigueur.

Pourtant, pardonnez-moi. Le repentir est entré [dans mon cœur.

DANTE.

The voice of Beatrice in the celestial paths.

CHORUS OF ANGELS.

Gloory to him who shines!

BEATRICE.

If the task is not ended

That the loved one must accomplish,

The master will be disarmed

By his constancy and genius,

And we shall be reunited in the resplendent

Of infinite joyfulness [realms.

And eternal love.

DANTE.

Beatrice, hear me!

CHORUS.

Gloory to him who shines!

*The luminous vision disappears. The curtain of clouds rises again and the scene resumes its obscurity.*

DANTE.

Ah, no more! In space....

All is silent! All is effaced,

All is black!

Yes, thou hast said it Beatrice,

I may see thee again.

*End of Act III and of Dante's Dream.*

## ACT IV.

Same scenery as in the preceeding act. As the curtain rises Dante still sleeps near Virgil's tomb. Day commences to break.

CHORUS BEHIND THE SCENES. DANTE, BARDI, A SHEPHERD.

CHORUS.

Ah!

Bardi appears on the right. A little shepherd boy who precedes him designates the sleeping Dante with his finger and departs. Bardi advances some steps and stops, not daring to accost him. Dante awakes. He first casts a surprised look around him. Then, turning around, he straightens himself and lifts his eyes to the roseate sky.

DANTE.

Aurora is rising,

The morning mist is dispelled in the air.

*Suddenly he remembers. His face brightens.*

Ah! The miraculous dream

I have had.

*Dante perceives Bardi and recoils a step.*

He! Am I still in hell?

BARDI.

Pardon me! I was unworthy and guilty

Carried away by blind anger,

I have wounded all, I have betrayed all!

Of the blame which crushes me,

The rigor is but too just,

Yet pardon me. Repentance has entered my [heart.

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DANTE.

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DANTE.

Ah miserable !  
Tant de tourmens soufferts  
Et tant de pleurs versés,  
Par tes remords seront-ils effacés.  
La parole consolatrice  
Aujourd'hui saurais-tu me la dire ?

BARDI.

Oui,...

DANTE.

Tu peux me rendre mes amours, ... Ma Beatrice.

BARDI.

Je le puis, je le veux.

DANTE.

Ah ciel !

BARDI.

Gemma qui ne l'a pas une heure abandonnée  
A ma pitié fit un supreme appel.

J'ignorais on la destinée

Vous entraînant. Je l'appris, ... Me voici.

DANTE.

Mais Beatrice où est-elle ?

BARDI.

Pres d'ici.

DANTE.

A Naples ?

*Bardi fait un signe affirmatif.*

Ah ! Courons vite !

Mais du lieu qui la tient l'entrée est interdite.

BARDI.

J'ai confessé ma faute, et pour la réparer  
On m'a dans le convent permis de pénétrer.

DANTE.

Ah ! viens, viens, courons vite.

BARDI, l'arrêlant.

Vous me pardonnez

DANTE.

Si je te dois l'ivresse

De revoir encore sur les miens.

Les yeux de la pure maîtresse

Non tu n'es pas absous, ... tu seras béni.

Viens, ... Viens.

DEUXIEME TABLEAU.

A Naples. Le jardin d'un convent. A gauche la chapelle ; a droite, banc de pierre, et porte donnant sur les cours d'un convent. Au lever du rideau, les religieuses passent lentement deux par deux, se dirigeant vers la chapelle. Gemma entre. Elle regarde le défilé des nonnes en restant à l'écart. Beatrice marche dans le cortège. Elle est très pale et semble se soutenir avec peine.

SCENE I.

GEMMA.

Elle se rend à la chapelle

Ma pauvre amie. En arrivant.

Chaque matin, dans ce convent

Je me sens tressaillir d'une angoisse mortelle.

Au milieu de vous dans ce monastère,

Filles du Seigneur ne l'accueillez pas

Il faut, pour bénir le devoir austère,

Un cœur bien guéri des anciens combats.

A son cher amour ravi par la terre

Elle songe encore en pleurant tout bas.

Loin d'elle gardez votre voile sombre

DANTE.

Ah, miserable man !  
So much torment suffered,  
So many tears shed,  
Can they be effaced by thy remorse ?  
The consoling word  
Canst thou tell it me to-day ?

BARDI.

Yes.

DANTE.

Thou canst restore my love, my Beatrice.

BARDI.

I can, I will !

DANTE.

Ah, heaven !

BARDI.

Gemma who has not left her for an hour  
Has made a supreme appeal to my pity.

I knew not where - - - - -

Had earned you, I learned it, ... I am here.

DANTE.

But Beatrice, where is she ?

BARDI.

Near by.

DANTE.

At Naples ?

*Bardi makes an affirmative sign.*

Ah ! Let us hasten ! [bidden.

But entrance to the spot where she is is for-

BARDI.

I have confessed my fault, and to repair it  
I have been permitted to enter the cloister.

DANTE.

Ah ! come, come, let us hasten.

BARDI, stopping him.

You forgive me ?

DANTE.

If I owe thee the happiness

To see again on mine

The eyes of my pure mistress,

No thou art not absolved, ... thou shalt be blessed,

Come, come.

TABLEAU II.

At Naples. The garden of a convent. To the left the chapel, to the right a stone bench and a door leading to the courtyards of a convent. As the curtain rises the nuns pass slowly two and two towards the chapel. Gemma enters. She looks at the passage of the nuns while remaining on one side. Beatrice walks in the procession. She is very pale and seems hardly able to stand up

SCENE I.

GEMMA.

She goes in the chapel.

My poor friend, ... on arriving.

Every morning, at this convent

I feel a shudder of mortal anguish.

In your midst in this monastery,

Daughters of the Lord do not accept her

To bless the austere duty there must be

A heart well cured of old combats,

Of her dear love, ravished by the earth

She still thinks while weeping in secret,

Keep far from her your sombre veil

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### DANTE

come bearing palms and wreaths to decorate the poet's grave. One of them recites an ode to Virgil. When standing at the full of the moon Dante enters dressed in the historical costume. He is dreaming of Beatrice, whom he has not seen since his banishment, wondering whether she loves or remembers him. As Virgil leads him to the poet's grave he invokes him and asks that Beatrice should inspire him some divine poetry. The night has then come and the shade of Virgil is seen rising from the grave.

### DANTE'S DREAM.

Virgil address Dante asleep and tells him, that human happiness is a thing very frail, his will break, but from his bleeding heart will arise the Divine inspiration. Night has come and from the black ground arises the vision of "Hell." Vague forms are seen, who cry in agony. From the multitude of them Dante distinguishes first the vision of Ugolin, who buried alive in the Tower of Hunger fed on the corps of his own sons; then appear Paola and Francesca da Rimini.—The horrible vision disappear and is replaced by that of Heaven.—Choruses of angels are heard, the scene is lighted by a divine splendor. In the midst of the splendor appears Beatrice. Dante recognizes her voice, she sings of the capture of angels and exhorts Dante to continue his task of Poet, which God will reward. The vision disappears.—Dante wakes up, and recalls his dream when appears Barbi who advances trembling to asks Dante's for giveness and tell him that he knows in what convent Beatrice is and that he has obtained from the church her release from her vow

### ACT IV.

The garden of a convent near Naples. On the left a chapel. On the right a stone bench, a door leading to the interior of the convent. Gemma seated on a bench deploras the sad fate of Beatrice, whom she sees dying; she hopes that her friend will not pronounce the final vows, but live to see her Dante again.—Nuns are seen coming from the chapel. In their ranks are Beatrice, who leaves them at seeing Gemma. Gemma tries to comfort her, but Beatrice hopes that her martyr will soon end in death. At this moment some one calls out Gemma. Beatrice alone prays to God to take her away from this valley of tears, but to grant her see Dante before she dies. When Gemma returns Beatrice sees that she is much moved and asks her the reason. Some one wants to see you, and beg you forgive him, says Gemma, it is Sincone Barbi.—I can for-

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DANTE.

Lincenl des trésors à jamais perdus...  
Assez de lys blancs sont ouverts dans l'ombre,  
Qu'importe à l'autel une fleur de plus.  
Le ciel ne saurait reprendre à son âme  
Ce qui peut rester de bonheur humain  
Pour moi ses regards ont si pure flamme  
J'ai tant de douceur à presser sa main,  
O toi qu'en secret sa douleur réclame,  
Ange de la mort poursuis ton chemin!  
Ne fais pas si tôt ses paupières closes,  
Son beau front baigné de pleurs superflus.  
Les champs de repos ont assez de roses,  
Qu'importe à la tombe une fleur de plus.

## SCENE II.

*Entre Béatrice.*

BEATRICE, GEMMA.

*Gemma court au devant de Béatrice.*

BEATRICE.

Je viens te retrouver.

*Gemma dirige Béatrice en la soutenant, vers le banc situé à droite.*

Ta pauvre Béatrice  
Ne saurait sans qu'elle faiblisse,  
Demeurer bien longtemps à genoux...  
Et le vœu

Qui devait me lier à Dieu  
Est remis jusqu'au temps où je serai plus forte.

GEMMA, *essayant de sourire.*

C'est-à-dire à bientôt.

*Béatrice se lève brusquement avec une expression d'effroi sur le visage comme si une vision sinistre apparaissait puis elle retombe sur le banc et sa figure reprend un air doux et résigné.*

BEATRICE.

Où bientôt  
Je serai tout à lui... Mais là-haut.

GEMMA.

Ah, que tu me fais mal à parler de la sorte!

Ton cœur ne doit pas se fermer  
À l'espoir des jours qui vont suivre,  
Conserve encor désir de vivre  
Pour qui toujours saura t'aimer,  
Non — ton cœur ne doit pas se fermer.

BEATRICE.

Ah! C'est trop pleurer c'est trop souffrir  
L'espoir, le courage en moi tout s'épuise  
Mon âme agonise  
Laisse moi mourir,  
Pourquoi me plaindre et t'alarmer  
De nos maux la mort nous délivre  
Mon cœur ne peut plus vivre  
Puisqu'il n'a pas hélas! le droit d'aimer.  
C'est trop pleurer.  
C'est trop souffrir!  
Ah! Gemma laisse-moi mourir.

GEMMA.

Où, c'est trop souffrir,  
Dieu prendra pitié,  
Tu ne peux mourir.

Death cover of treasures forever lost!  
There are enough white lilies open in the shade,  
What matter to the Lord for one more flower,  
Heaven cannot take from her soul  
What may remain of human happiness  
For me her eyes have so pure a flame,  
I am so happy to press her hand!  
Oh thou whom her sorrow in secret demands,  
Angel of death pass on your way,  
Do not have so soon her eyelids close,  
Her beautiful forehead crowned with superfluous  
The fields of repose have enough roses [flowers,  
What matters to the tomb one flower more.

## SCENE II.

*Enters Beatrice.*

BEATRICE, GEMMA.

*Gemma runs to meet Beatrice.*

BEATRICE.

I come to meet thee again.

*Gemma supports Beatrice to the bench on the right.*

Thy poor Beatrice  
Cannot without fainting,  
Remain very long on her knees....

And the vow  
Which was to give me to God  
Is postponed until I shall be strong.

GEMMA, *trying to smile.*

Which will be soon.

*Beatrice rises suddenly with an expression of terror on her face as if a sinister vision appeared to her; then she falls back on the bench and her figure resumes a gentle and resigned air.*

BEATRICE.

Yes soon.  
I shall be all his.... But above

GEMMA.

Ah, how thou grievest me to speak thus,  
Thy heart must not close  
To the hope of the days which will follow,  
Keep still the wish to live  
For him who will always love thee,  
No... thy heart must not close.

BEATRICE.

Ah! This is too much weeping and suffering,  
Hope, courage, all are exhausted in me,  
My soul is agonizing  
Let me die.  
Why complain and alarm thee,  
Death delivers us from our sorrows,  
My heart can no longer live  
Since it has not, alas, the right to love,  
This is too much weeping,  
Too much to suffer,  
Ah! Gemma let me die.

GEMMA.

Yes this is too much to suffer,  
God will take pity,  
Thou canst not die.

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## DANTE.

21

## SCENE III.

## LES MEMES.

*La porte du couvent s'ouvre de nouveau. Une religieuse paraît sur le seuil, Gemma l'aperçoit.*

GEMMA, à Beatrice.

C'est moi que l'on appelle.

*Gemma avec un dernier geste affectueux à Béatrice s'avance vers la religieuse, et, après un mot échangé à voix basse, disparaît avec elle. Béatrice regarde tristement Gemma s'éloigner.*

## BEATRICE.

Va compagne fidèle,

Tu n'as plus bien longtemps à faire ton devoir.

Dante.... Mourir sans te revoir.

De l'éternel sommeil je n'ai pas l'épouvante.

Sous ta loi je m'incline, ô Seigneur triomphant,  
Mais quand je me souviens que je suis ta servante,  
Dois-tu donc oublier que je suis ton enfant....

Tois qui me séparais de celui que j'adore,  
Rends-le moi pour un jour, une heure, un seul  
moment.

De mon dernier regard le contemplant encore.

Laisse-moi sur son cœur m'endormir doucement.

De l'éternel sommeil je n'ai pas l'épouvante;

Sous ta loi je m'incline, ô Seigneur triomphant.

Ah! si tu me gardais ces extases suprêmes,

Je m'en irais vers toi d'un vol si radieux,

Que tes anges eux-mêmes

En seraient éblouis dans la splendeur des cieux.

*Avec découragement.* Rêve insensé

Que mon sort s'accomplisse.... Dante,

Mourir sans te revoir.... ô Dante.

## SCENE IV.

BEATRICE, GEMMA, puis DANTE, BARDI.

GEMMA rentre en scène—à part.

Je n'ose lui parler,

Sa faiblesse est si grande....

BEATRICE, regardant Gemma.

Qui peut à ce point te troubler?

GEMMA, hésitant.

Quelqu'un que tu connais.... demande

Si tu veux le recevoir.

BEATRICE.

Et qui donc?

GEMMA.

Someone qui vient implorer ton pardon.

BEATRICE, douloureusement.

Ah! folle.... entre les folles

J'espérais un autre nom,

Pardonnez.... je le puis.... mais le recevoir, non!

GEMMA.

Il n'est pas seul, et pour son compagnon,

Tu pourrais bien avoir de meilleures paroles.

BEATRICE.

Ah! Dieu.... Je n'ose croire.... et pourtant, ton

Ta main qui tremble dans la mienne, l'émou.

C'est lui.... C'est Dante.... qu'il vienne.

GEMMA.

Je t'en prie.... calme toi.

*Dante paraît, s'élance vers Beatrice et la prend dans ses bras.*

## SCENE III.

## THE SAME.

The convent gate opens again. A nun appears on the threshold. Gemma perceives her.

GEMMA, to Beatrice.

It is I who am called.

*Gemma with a last affectionate sign to Beatrice advances towards the nun and after exchanging a word in a low voice goes out with her. Beatrice sadly sees Gemma go.*

## BEATRICE.

Go faithful companion

Thou hast not much longer to perform thy duty.

Dante.... To die without seeing thee again,

I do not fear eternal sleep

Under thy law I bow, oh triumphant Lord,

But when I remember that I am thy servant,

Shouldst thou forget that I am thy child,

Thou who separated me from him whom I adore,

Give him back to me for a day, an hour, only a  
moment.

With my last look contemplating him still,

Let me gently fall asleep on his heart.

I do not fear eternal sleep;

To the law I bow, oh triumphant Lord,

Ah! if thou for me hast kept these supreme joy

I would go to thee so radiantly flying,

That thy angels themselves

Would admire in the splendor of the heavens.

*(Discouraged.)* Oh! foolish dream

Let my fate be accomplished.... Dante

To die without seeing thee again.... oh Dante.

## SCENE IV.

BEATRICE, GEMMA, afterwards DANTE, BARDI.

GEMMA, returning, aside.

I dare not speak to her,

Her weakness is so great.

BEATRICE, looking at Gemma.

What can trouble thee so much?

GEMMA, hesitating.

Somebody whom thou knowest....

Asks whether thou wilt receive him?

BEATRICE.

And who then?

GEMMA.

Someone comes to implore his pardon.

BEATRICE, sorrowfully.

Ah, foolish one among the foolish, I nearly hoped

[for another name.

To pardon.... I can.... but receive him, no!

GEMMA.

He is not alone and for his companion

Perhaps thou wouldst have better words

BEATRICE.

Ah! God! I dare not believe.... and still thy

Thy hand which trembles in mine, [emotion.

It is him!.... It is Dante.... let him come!

GEMMA.

I pray thee.... be calm.

*Dante appears, rushes towards Beatrice and takes her in his arms.*

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22

DANTE.

DANTE.

Beatrice....

*Gemma va au devant de Bardi qui est entré derrière Dante et tous deux se tiennent un peu à l'écart des deux amants.*

BEATRICE.

Oh! mon Dante, c'est toi,

DANTE.

Ma Béatrice c'est moi. Tout à toi,

QUATUOR.

BEATRICE, DANTE.

O l'innétable et pure ivresse,  
D'un cœur brisé toujours aimant;  
Je (le, la) revois, j'ai sa tendresse  
Soyez béni, Seigneur élément.

GEMMA.

O l'innétable et pure ivresse  
D'un cœur brisé toujours aimant;  
Voici la fin de sa détresse,  
Soyez béni, Seigneur élément.

BARDI.

Je les frapais dans leur tendresse  
Par un indigne égarement  
De mon remords vient leur ivresse....  
Pardonnez-moi, Seigneur élément.

DANTE.

Ma bien aimée, il n'est plus rien qui nous sépare.

BEATRICE.

Que dis-tu?

*Dante désigne Bardi que Béatrice n'a pas encore aperçu.*

DANTE.

Celui qui fit le mal aujourd'hui le répare.

*Béatrice tend la main à Simone qui y dépose un baiser sans pouvoir dire une parole, puis il s'éloigne avec Gemma, laissant seuls les deux amants.*

SCENE V.

DANTE. BEATRICE.

DUETTO.

DANTE.

Nous allons partir tous deux.

BEATRICE, avec une joie craintive et presque enfantine.

Partir tous deux....

DANTE.

Ainsi que des amoureux  
Que nous sommes.

BEATRICE.

Partir tous deux....

DANTE.

Et bientôt sera trouvé  
Le cher asile rêvé  
Loin des hommes.

BEATRICE, DANTE.

Sans jamais nous effrayer,  
Le monde peut nous railler,  
Nous mandiré.

Sur notre éternel aven  
Nous aurons du grand ciel bleu  
Le sourire,

Et notre unique souci  
Sera de lui voir ainsi

DANTE.

Beatrice.

*Gemma goes to meet Bardi who has entered behind Dante, and both remain at a little distance from the two lovers.*

BEATRICE.

Oh my Dante, it is thee.

DANTE.

My Beatrice, it is me! All thine.

QUATUOR.

BEATRICE, DANTE.

Oh the inexpressible and final joy  
Of a broken but always loving heart,  
I see (him, her) again, I have (his, her) love,  
Be blessed, gracious Lord.

GEMMA.

Oh the inexpressible and pure joy  
Of a broken but always loving heart,  
Here is the end of her distress,  
Be blessed, gracious Lord.

BARDI.

I struck them in their love  
By an unworthy misdeed,  
My remorse has caused their joy,  
Pardon me, gracious Lord.

DANTE.

My loved one, nothing any longer separates us.

BEATRICE.

What sayest thou?

*Dante points to Bardi whom Beatrice has not yet seen.*

DANTE.

He who did the evil to-day repairs it.

*Beatrice gives her hand to Simone who kisses it, without being able to say a word, and then goes out with Gemma, leaving the two lovers alone.*

SCENE V.

DANTE. BEATRICE.

DUETS.

DANTE.

We shall depart both together.

BEATRICE, with a mixture of joy and fear.

Depart together.

DANTE.

Like lovers,  
As we are!

BEATRICE.

Depart together....

DANTE.

And soon will be found  
The asylum dreamed of  
Far from mankind.

BEATRICE, DANTE.

Without ever fearing  
The world may laugh at us,  
Curse us!

For our eternal vow

We shall have of the great blue heaven,

The smile,

And our only care  
Will be to see it thus

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DANTE.

23

Tant de flamme  
À l'instant que nous croyons  
Enfermer tous ses rayons  
Dans notre âme.  
Ah! nous allons partir tous deux  
Loin des hommes.  
Partons... Partons.

SCENE FINALE.

LES PRECEDETS, GEMMA, BARDI.

Elle fait quelques pas mais soudain elle tressaille et porte la main à son cœur comme si elle le sentait se briser. Elle chancelle, sa tête tombe sur l'épaule de Dante qui la soutient.

BEATRICE.

Ah! Dieu! Pardonne ami.  
Je ne puis.

DANTE, avec épouvante.

Qu'est-ce donc? Cher ange!

Seigneur...

(Silence de Béatrice évanouie. Gemma et Bardi accourent.)

Venez... voyez cette pâleur étrange,  
Et ces yeux fermés à demi.

Tous Trois.

Béatrice entend-nous!

Béatrice revient peu à peu à elle.

BEATRICE, à Dante.

Le rêve était trop beau pour qu'ici bas  
Le ciel permette qu'il s'achève... Je vais mourir,  
Mais dans tes bras.

DANTE.

Mourir... toi... non... je ne veux pas  
Ma Béatrice.

Béatrice rappelant ses forces regarde autour d'elle, puis fait quelques pas vers la chapelle; elle joint ses mains, son visage prend une expression extatique, son regard est levé vers le ciel, elle semble déjà ne plus appartenir à la terre.

BEATRICE.

Je vais dans l'azur sans voiles,  
Où les anges de leurs mains  
Recueillent les pleurs humains  
Pour les changer en étoiles.

DANTE, se rappelant son rêve.

La parole entendue aux célestes chemins.

BEATRICE, d'une voix entrecoupée.

Et nous seront unis... Au radieux séjour,  
Dans l'extase suprême et l'éternel amour.

DANTE, sanglotant.

Elle est morte... ô moi t.

Emporte aussi mon âme.

GEMMA, à Dante.

Hélas! ta blessure est cruelle,  
Mais la muse est fidèle,  
Et saura l'apaiser.

DANTE, se redressant illuminé.

Où, je dois vivre encor,  
Je dois chanter pour elle...  
Dieu l'a faite immortelle,  
Moi, je vais l'immortaliser.

Fin du Quatrième Acte et de l'Opéra.

So much flame,  
At the instant when we believe  
To look up at its rays  
In our soul!  
Ah! we shall both depart together,  
Far from mankind.  
Let us depart! Let us depart!

FINAL SCENE.

THE SAME, GEMMA, BARDI.

Beatrice walks some steps, but suddenly she shudders and places her hand on her heart as if she felt it break. She totters, her head falls on the shoulders of Dante, who supports her.

BEATRICE.

Ah, God! Pardon friend...  
I cannot.

DANTE, terrified.

What is it? Dear angel, Lord.

Silence of Beatrice, who has fainted; Gemma and Bardi run to her.

Come—See this strange pallor,  
And these half-closed eyes!

ALL THREE.

Beatrice, hear us!

Beatrice gradually recovers her senses.

BEATRICE, to Dante.

The dream was too beautiful, that here below,  
Heaven would permit it to be accomplished... I  
But in thy arms! [am going to die

DANTE.

Die! thou... no, I cannot suffer it,  
My Beatrice!

Beatrice, calling back her strength, looks around, then makes some steps towards the chapel; she joins her hands, her face assumes an ecstatic expression, her eyes are raised to heaven, she already looks as if no longer belonging to earth.

BEATRICE.

I go into the azure without sails  
Where the angels with their hands  
Collect the human tears  
To change them into stars.

DANTE, remembering his dream.

The words I heard in the celestial regions!

BEATRICE, in a broken voice.

And we shall be united... in the radiant sojourn,  
In supreme ecstasy and eternal love!

DANTE, weeping.

She is dead. Oh Death,  
Carry off also my soul!

GEMMA, to Dante.

Alas! Thy wound is cruel,  
But the Muse is faithful  
And will know how to console thee.

DANTE, rising, inspired.

Yes, I must still live,  
I must sing for her!  
God has created her immortal!  
I, I shall immortalise her.

End of Act IV and of the opera.



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DANTE. (Romance.) Continued.

ra - - - son pai - si - ble bon - heur.....  
..... in tran - quil hap-pi-ness.....

*dim.* *rall.*

*rall.* *f* *p* *tempo.*  
O cru - el - le dou - leur.....  
O cru - el..... suffering.....

*rall.* *f*

Quand tu vou - dras las  
When, tired by your

*p* *p*

se - e Du la - beur glo - ri - eur En des re - gards ai-mants  
glorious work..... you wish to rest your wea - ry

*pp*

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**DANTE**

give, but not see him says Beatrice. You might at least see some one else who accompanies him. Dante! exclaims Beatrice, and the two lovers are in each other arms—Their rapture is infinite and they will never end. United at last they will live happy. But alas! Beatrice's long sufferings have taken away all her strength and she falls dying in Dante's arms, repeating the words he heard her sing in his dream. She dies begging Dante to continue his divine poems, as the Muse of Poetry alone will console him. Yes, must live yet, exclaims Dante, God has taken thee into His Eternity I shall make thee Immortal in my songs.

**THE END.**



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DANTE. (Romance) Continued.

3

*cresc.*

Re - po ser - ta pen - sé - e Ce n'est pas Vers les miens  
mind in the eyes of the loved one, It will not be towards mine

*cresc.*

*ff*

Que s'en i - ront tes yeux. O cru - el - le dou -  
that your eyes will turn. O cru - el..... suf -

*cresc.*

*leur!.....*  
*fering!.....*

*dim.*

*pp*

Gomme un doux nid, sous la ra - mé-e,.....  
As a downy nest in the fo - liage,.....

*pp*

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DANTE. (Romance) Continued.

*Où le prin-temps met sa splen - deur..... A*  
All a - glow with the splen-dor of Spring;..... In

*l'om - bre de ta re - nom - mé - e Une*  
the shade of your fame..... An -

*au - tre ca - che - ra - - - son pai - si - ble bon -*  
other woman will live in quiet..... happiness.....

*cresc. f. rall.*

*heur..... O dou - leur!*  
..... O sufferings!

*tranquille.*

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*Le Trouvere.*

*Allegretto.*

**Azucena.**

**Piano.**


La flam - me bril - le, Au -  
The flames spar - kle a -

loin la fou - - le ac - court sem - bla - ble  
far, the mob..... runs..... like un - to

au - - flot qui rou - le Pas - se u - ne fem -  
a..... wave roll - ing. Pass - es a wom -

me hum - ble en - chain - ne - e Vers le sup -  
an hum - ble, in chains..... To a horrible

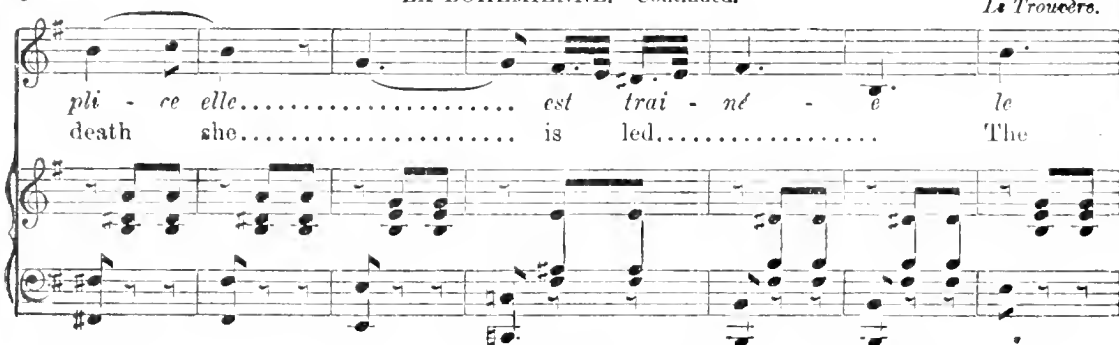
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LA BOHEMIENNE. Continued.

*Le Trouvère.*



pli - ce elle..... est trai - né - é le  
death she..... is led..... The



glas ré - son ne Et..... du bu - cher..... cru - el  
leath-knoll rings..... And of the stake..... cru - el



Ia flamme im - men - se..... s'è - lan - ce s'è - lan - ce au ciel.....  
The flames spar - kle..... and rise..... to the skies,.....



s'è - lance au ciel!  
rise..... to the skies.

*f* *p*



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## Romance de la Favorite.

"Ange si pur."

DONIZETTI

*Larghetto.*

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand (treble clef) features a series of sixteenth-note runs and chords, while the left hand (bass clef) plays a more rhythmic accompaniment with eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto' and the dynamics are 'piano' (p).

An - ge si pur, que dans un son - ge j'ai cru trou-ver,  
An - gel so pure, whom I in a dream,..... I tho't I saw

The first system of the song features a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note 'An' followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

Vous que j'ai-mais A - vec l'espoir tris - te men-son-ge  
you whom I loved, With all hope's sad il-lu-sions,

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a more complex melodic line with many sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic accompaniment.

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2

ROMANCE DE LA FAVORITE. ("Auge si pur.") Continued.

En - vo - lez vous et pour jamais En - vo - lez vous.... Et pour jamais  
Take your flight, and for ev-er Fly from me..... and for ev-er,

*p*

En moi par l'a-mour d'une fem - me de  
From my heart, the love of a wom - an, had

Dieu l'a - mour a - rait fai - bli. Pi - tié je t'ai ren du mon  
driven the love of..... God. Mer - cy. I have given thee back

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ROMANCE DE LA FAVORITE. ("Ange si pur.") Continued.

3

*Pressez.*

*à - me Pi - tié Sei - gneur rends moi l'ou - bli. Pi - tié, Pi - tié,.....*  
 my heart, Mer - cy, O Lord, make me forget her. Mercy, mer - cy,.....

*An - ge si pur que dans un son - ge J'ai cru trouver*  
 An - gel so pure, whom in a dream. I tho't I saw,

*Vous que j'aimais A - vec l'espoir tris - te men son - ge*  
 You whom I loved, with my hope, sad il - lu - sions,

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4

ROMANCE DE LA FAVORITE. ("Auge si pur.") Concluded.

*Pressez.* *rall.*

En - vo - lez vous fly far from me Et pour ja-mais, and for ev-er, En vo - lez vous, en - vo - lez a - way, for ev - er,

*rall.*

vous et pour-ja - mais loin de mon cœur & vous que j'ai - for - ev - er,..... far from my heart, you whom I loved,

*p*

mais, En - vo - lez vous en - vo - lez vous et pour ja - mais..... a - way, a - way and for ev - er.....

By J. A. LACROIX.

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## Hamlet.

Chanson Bachigue.

1

*f*

*Ô* vin dis - si - pe la tris - tes. . . . . se  
O wine dis - pel. . . the sad - ness. . . . .

qui pè - se sur mon cœur. . . . . à moi les rê - ves - de l'i -  
which weigh on my heart. . . . . To me the dreams of e -

vie. . . . . et le ri - re mo - queur. . . . . O li -  
brie ty. . . . . and the mock - ing laugh. . . . . O en -

*dim.*

queur en - chan - te res - se ver - se l'i - vresse et l'ou bli dans mon  
chanting li - quor. . . . . pour e - briety and oblivion in my

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3

HAMLET. (Chanson Bachique.) Continued.

*cres.*  
cœur..... dou - ce li - queur.....  
heart..... sweet..... liq - uor.....

*résolu.*  
..... ô li queur en - chan - te - res - se! ver - se l'i -  
..... O en - chant - ing liq - uor!..... pour..... e -

*p*  
res - se dans mon cœur!, ô li - queur en - chan - te -  
briety..... in my heart, O en - chant - ing liq - uor..

*mf*  
res - se, ver - se l'i - resse et l'ou - bli dans mon cœur.  
pour.... e - briety and oblivion in my heart.

*cres. f p*

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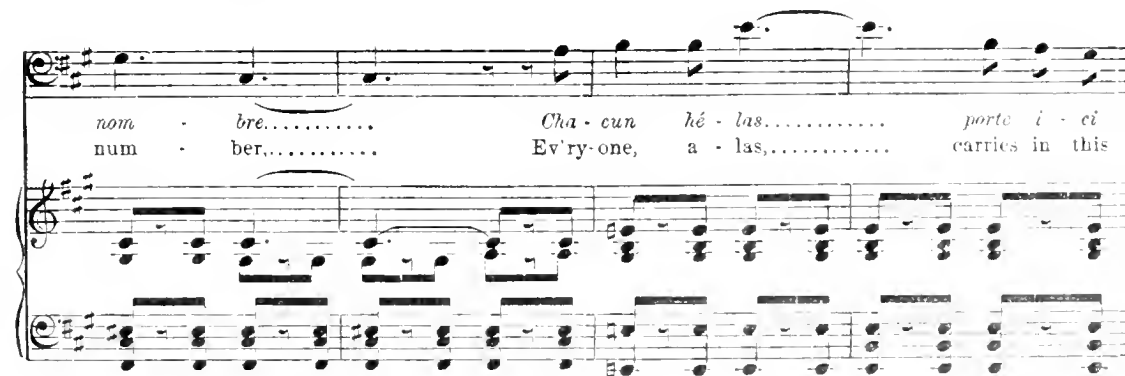
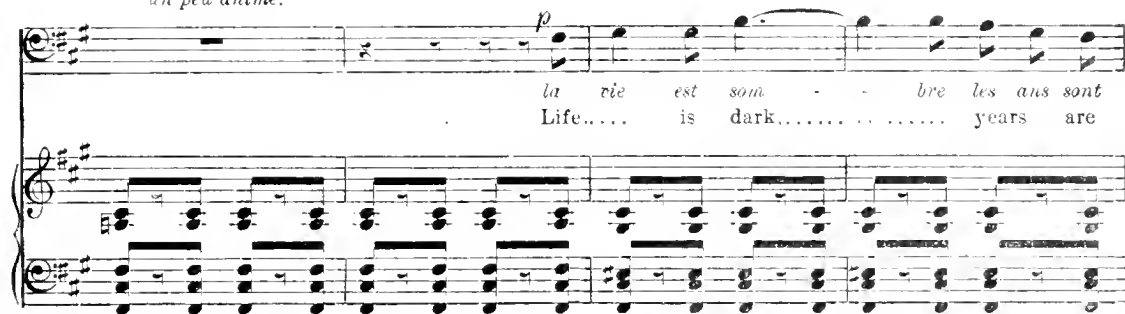
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HAMLET. (Chanson Bachique.) Continued.

3



*un peu animé.*



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4

HAMLET (Chanson Bachique) Continued

bas..... so lour-de cha) no ora-da de-  
world..... his heav y chain cru-el du-

poco rit  
noirs, longs dés-es-pairs de l'âme hu-mai-ne.  
ties, long de-spairs of the hu-man soul

Loin de nous noirs pré-sa  
Far from us dark prog-nos

ges, loin de nous noirs pré-sa- ges, les plus sa- ges sont les fous, Ah!  
tics, far from us dark prog-nos ties, the wisest are the great-est fools, Ah!



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HAMLET. (Chanson Bachique) Continued.

5

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of several systems of staves. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes various musical notations such as trills, slurs, and dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are provided in both French and English.

*tr.* *f*

Le vin dis si-pe la tris-tes. .... so  
O wine, dis-pel the sad-ness. ....

*f* *p*

qui pè-se sur mon cœur. .... à moi les rê-ves do rî-  
which weighs on my heart. .... to me the dreams of e-

brie-ty. .... et la ri-re mo-queur! Ô li-  
and the mock-ing laugh! O en-

*dim*

queur en-chan-te-tes - se ver-se l'i-vresse et l'ou-bli dans mon  
chant - ing li-quor. .... pour e-briety and o-blivion in my

*p* Col canto.

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6

HAMLET. (Chanson Bachique) Concluded.

*p* *cresc.*

cœur.....  
heart.....

dou - ce  
sweet

li - queur.....  
liq - uor.....

*f*

Ô li queur en - chan - te - res - se! ver - se l'i -  
O en - chant - ing liq - uor!..... pour..... e -

*f* *p*

res - se dans mon cœur!, O li - queur en - chan - te -  
briety..... in my heart, O en - chant - ing liq - uor.,

*mf*

res - se, ver - se l'i - cresse et l'ou - bli dans mon cœur.  
pour... e - briety and oblivion in my heart.

*cresc.* *sf*

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## Romance du Tenor. (Manrique.)

*Anaante.* *Le Trouvère.*

Piano. *ff* *p*



MANRIQUE.


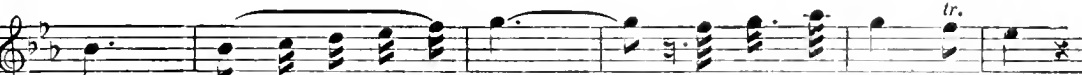
*Ex - i - lé sur la ter - re quand il gé - mit so - li*  
*Ex - iled... on earth..... where a - lone he....*



*tai - - re é - cout - ez un - ins tant le trou - ba dour chant -*  
*sighs,..... lis - ten an in - stant to the trou - ba - dour sing -*



*ant é - cout ez un ins - tant..... le trou - ba - dour chant ant.*  
*ing, lis - ten an in - stant..... to the trou - ba - dour sing - ing.*



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ROMANCE DU TENOR. Concluded.

*Le Trouvère.*



MANRIQUE.





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